

VICTORIAN ESSAYS

Chosen and Edited

by

E. C. PARNWELL



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Preface

THIS selection comprises sixteen essays by eminent Victorian writers on a variety of topics. Consideration of length and difficulty led to the exclusion of certain essayists such as John Stuart Mill, John Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, Swinburne, and W. H. Pater, and to the choice of examples from Carlyle, Bagehot, and Leslie Stephen that are typical of style rather than theme.

By permission of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press an abridgement of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith's Romanes Lecture on *Some Aspects of the Victorian Age* is added as an Introduction.

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Messrs. Longmans, Green, for 'The July Grass', from *Field and Hedgerow*, by R. Jefferies; 'A Siding at a Railway Station', from *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, by J. A. Froude; and the first section of William Morris's lecture, *Some Hints on Pattern-Designing*.

Mr. John Murray, for 'I take up the Cudgels for Our Beloved Country', from *Friendship's Garland*, by Matthew Arnold; and 'Personal Style', from *Essays Speculative and Suggestive*, by J. A. Symonds.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, for R. L. Stevenson's 'Walking Tours', from *Virginibus Puerisque* (Messrs. Chatto and Windus).

E. C. P.

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INTRODUCTION

*Some Aspects of the Victorian Age*¹

IT is a curious fact in English history that the only Sovereigns who have given their names to an epoch have been three reigning Queens. No one talks of the Age of Edward I, or of Henry VIII, or of George III, though their reigns were all times of great national movement, both in the sphere of action and in the sphere of thought. But the Age of Elizabeth, and Age of Queen Anne, have passed into the conventional dialect of chronology; and although it is less than twenty years since the death of Queen Victoria, we can feel little doubt that, for generations to come, the historian will speak of the Victorian Age.

That which we roughly call the Victorian Age, in those of its features which will give it a characteristic and individual place in history, was over some time—a decade at least—before the end of the great Queen's reign. Not only had its dominating personalities, with one or two exceptions, disappeared: but the transformation, subtle, at first almost imperceptible, of which we are still witnessing the development, had already set in: and a new chapter (perhaps one might say a new volume) had been opened in the story of our national life.

Within the area as so circumscribed, the first and most obvious thing to arrest the attention, in any survey of the Victorian Age, is the almost paradoxical incongruity between what may be broadly termed its outward and its

¹ An abridgement of the Romanes Lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, 8 June 1918, by H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister, 1908–1916, the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith (1852–1928).

inward life. To the theorists (if there are any left), as to the conditions which favour the efflorescence of creative genius, it presents one of the most baffling of problems. It was an era when England was ruled by the middle class, who lived and moved, for the most part—and quite contentedly—in unpicturesque and uninspiring surroundings. Even the ‘growing pains’ of what we call democracy were hardly beginning to be felt. The ‘red fool-fury of the Seine’, at which Tennyson scoffed, was regarded as a thing only fit for foreigners. The country (except for the Crimean War) was at peace with all Europe: and the Victorians, though not so insular in their habits of mind and feeling as they are sometimes represented, and warmed from time to time with a genuine sympathy for what one of their great orators once described as ‘nationalities rightly struggling to be free’, were not a race of knights errant. They concentrated their main efforts upon the improvement of the mechanism of industry and communication, and upon the attainment of the commercial and financial primacy of the world. It is not fair to say that they were wholly wrapped up in Materialism, and the pursuit of wealth and comfort. But it took a good deal to make them realize—as, thanks to Lord Shaftesbury and his free-lance allies, Carlyle and Dickens, they came to realize—that they might be paying too high a price for capturing the markets of the world in a system of production which crippled and stunted and decimated the women and children of the country. They continued to the end to think that the ideal to be set before any workman, of more than average capacity and ambition, was that he might in time rise from his own class, and become an employer of work-

men himself. On the whole, the general attitude of mind was one of contentment, or at the lowest of acquiescence, which at times took the more challenging note of an almost strident self-complacency.

In the intellectual sphere it will be found that most of the great names of the Victorian Age are those of men and women born in the ten years between 1809 and 1819. Carlyle, Macaulay, Disraeli, J. S. Mill, are all a little earlier, and Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Millais, George Meredith, a little later. But the Calendar of those ten years is worth recounting:

In 1809 Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson.¹

„ 1811 Thackeray.

„ 1812 Dickens, Robert Browning.

„ 1816 Charlotte Brontë.

„ 1819 (the birth year of Queen Victoria herself)
George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Ruskin.

At the Queen's accession the eldest of these was twenty-eight and the youngest eighteen. That year (1837)—the opening scene of the Victorian Drama—fitly heralded the future: for in it were given to the English world two immortal works, opposite as the poles in character, but each disclosing for the first time the real genius of its author; Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*. During the decade which followed our literature was enriched by *Vanity Fair*, *Jane Eyre*, the first volume of *Modern Painters*, and the first two volumes of Macaulay's *History*.

A distinguished man, happily still amongst us, who was born near the beginning of the Queen's reign, and was later

¹ In America, Lincoln and Poe.

on an ornament both of the forensic and the political world—Sir Edward Clarke—has recently produced an interesting autobiography. He did not, in his formative years, enjoy the advantages—perhaps in these days one ought to add, or suffer from the drawbacks—of a Public School and University education. He was to a large extent his own teacher, and was a voracious reader, especially of contemporary English. He gives us a list, year by year, of the books which appeared during his boyhood from 1850 to 1859; perhaps, in the department of literature, the most fruitful decade in the whole Victorian era.

I will not go through his catalogue, which every one should read and study: but I will take two or three years as samples, sometimes omitting one or two of Sir E. Clarke's specimens and sometimes adding one or two, for which he has not found a place.

Take first 1850—the year of *Pendennis*, *In Memoriam*, and *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*. Or again, 1855, with *Maud*, *Men and Women*, *The Virginians*, and Macaulay's third and fourth volumes, and Herbert Spencer's *Psychology*. Or, lastly, 1859, with the *Idylls of the King*, *Adam Bede*, *The Tale of Two Cities*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, Edward Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, and (in some ways the most epoch-making of them all) Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Even this marvellous and almost unexampled array gives an inadequate idea of the resources of Victorian genius when the Age was at its zenith. For, within the same ten years, we have the first published poems of Matthew Arnold and William Morris, Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, the first novel of Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, Mill's *Liberty*, and the best work of Charles Kingsley.

Kingsley, by the way, at the close of the decade, was on the eve of the ill-advised adventure, which to the lasting benefit of all lovers of the purest and finest English prose, was the occasion for the appearance in 1864 of Newman's *Apologia*. The stream, if never afterwards quite so full and strong, did not dry up: it was for years later being constantly reinforced and vitalized by new tributaries, down to the very confines of the Victorian Age.

The wind blows where it lists; and no theory of causation with which I am acquainted—whether of heredity, or environment, or of any combination or permutation of possible or imaginable antecedents—can adequately account for these indisputable facts. It is right, moreover, to record, that the Victorian public, the men in the street at whom Matthew Arnold gibed, the subscribers to the circulating libraries, which then went far to make or unmake the fortunes of an author, were neither unappreciative, nor exclusive in their appreciations.

It is true that the two greatest of the women writers of the age—Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot—were, at the outset of their careers, roughly handled by the orthodox and fashionable critics. But both came very soon into their own. In the case of another pair of the most gifted authors of the time, Robert Browning and George Meredith, each of whom had to wait before he could make good his claims to pass, from the worship of a coterie, into the recognized Pantheon, the fault lay, perhaps, as much with the perversity of the writer as with the dullness of the public.

Of the imaginative writers of the Victorian Age, the poets and novelists, it would be impossible to say too much, and difficult to say anything that has not been better said

before. If we want to measure the sum of our total indebtedness to them, we have only to try and realize how much the thoughts and the modes of speech of the average man, throughout the English-speaking world, have been and are unconsciously coloured by their creations and inventions. Great as were Browning and Tennyson, it is the novelists rather than the poets who have left the deepest imprint on popular imagination and popular speech. It may be true that none of them had Scott's width of range, or Jane Austen's fine, sure touch: but with the names that I have already enumerated on our lips we may safely challenge the world to produce any other epoch in which this form of creative art has displayed the same exuberance of wealth and variety.

Macaulay had a weakness, which, perhaps, we may say here he carried with him from Cambridge, for arranging the subjects of his admiration—great men, great books, great cities, great pictures, great poems and histories—in an imaginary order of merit. . . . I think we are all agreed now that comparisons of this kind are, if not futile, at least unprofitable. Men and women of creative genius cannot be labelled and classified, like plants or politicians. Nor do the masterpieces of Victorian fiction, either separately or collectively, belong to any of the recognized schools. As Mr. Chesterton has well pointed out, Dickens and Thackeray combine, each after his own artistic method, both Realism and Romance.

Let me, before I turn to another branch of my topic, say a word more of one whom I mentioned a few moments ago—Charles Kingsley. The great Mirabeau said of his younger brother, who went by the nickname of 'Barrel'

Mirabeau: 'In any other family than ours he would be regarded as a scapegrace and a wit'. So, perhaps, if he were not overshadowed by his mightier contemporaries, Charles Kingsley would to-day have a greater reputation both as novelist and poet. Much of his fiction (like some of Mrs. Gaskell's and Disraeli's) is too deeply immersed in the local and passing conditions of Victorian life to be readable now. But he had remarkable powers both of perception and description. In poetry he has left two or three lyrics which are worthy (and this is high praise) to be placed side by side with Tennyson's best. And in the supremely difficult art of writing for children, which requires, in addition to command over the unexpected and the picturesque, the power of mixing good sense with good nonsense, and letting the one glide imperceptibly into the other, he has not been surpassed: except perhaps by his Victorian contemporary, whom we here in Oxford claim as especially our own, Lewis Carroll.

I have said or implied that the note of revolt is not characteristic of the Victorian Age. But the Victorians were not allowed to wax fat, and to bask in the sunshine of their prosperity and content, without reproof, exhortation, and even denunciation. The prophetic office has rarely in history been better filled or more faithfully exercised. Carlyle taught his contemporaries, time after time (as on a famous occasion Gideon taught the men of Succoth), with 'thorns of the wilderness and briers'.¹ Ruskin—a literary portent, if there ever was one, without pedigree or posterity, as perfect an artist in words at twenty-one as at any stage of his career—was moved by the tragic contrasts and

¹ Judges viii. 16.

failures of the Victorian civilization (as he saw it), to turn aside from the glad tidings of the gospel of Beauty, which he had preached with an incomparable wealth of eloquence, insight, and spiritual fervour. He turned aside that he might deliver, with the same faith and even deeper passion, to a perverse generation who had made for themselves false gods, his stern and solemn message of warning and of judgement to come. In 1860, as soon as he had finished the fifth and last volume of *Modern Painters*, he started the publication in the *Cornhill Magazine* of *Unto This Last*, in which he exposed and denounced the current conceptions of such elementary matters as Wealth and Value.

Matthew Arnold, a fine poet and an unsurpassed literary critic, also became one of the Prophets. What drove him into the pulpit was, not so much moral resentment at the social paradoxes of his time, as intellectual irritation and impatience at the stupidity and sterility of contemporary life. The whole community—upper, middle, and lower classes, Barbarians, Philistines, Populace—seemed to him to be equally wanting in the ‘one thing needful’. But the Philistine *bourgeoisie* became his favourite target, with their narrow intellectual and spiritual outlook, their barren daily treadmill of routine, their absorption in superficial goods, their smug and sordid self-complacency. He might have taken as his text a pregnant sentence which is to be found in one of Bishop Butler’s Sermons; unfortunately (as I think), though Arnold was not without the traditional Oxford regard for Butler, his favourite episcopal writer was Bishop Wilson—a man of very different stamp. ‘It is as easy,’ says Butler, ‘to close the eyes of the mind as those of the body.’ And in Arnold’s view the one thing needful

to humanize and vitalize this stolid visionless mass was what he called Culture. Culture (as he conceives it) consists in the possession within of a perennial source of Sweetness and Light—an unhappy phrase which he borrowed from Swift, and which became perhaps his most irritating catch-word—and manifests itself in a balance of interests, a catholic sympathy, a due sense of relative values, a wide outlook upon life. If Carlyle and Ruskin scourged and lashed their generation with briers and scorpions, Matthew Arnold may be said to have harassed and pricked it with a well-burnished stiletto. Let me add to this *catena* of prophetic literature a further notable contribution, the *Essay on Compromise*, by John Morley, which appeared in the early seventies. From a quite different point of view, and with methods of thinking and style which were both new and singularly impressive, it is a ruthless unveiling of some characteristic Victorian insincerities. Exposed to the varied methods of these preachers of genius, the Victorians had no excuse if they continued in a state of spiritual torpor.

I have not space to follow the Victorians into some of their other spheres of achievement and effort. In the domain of History, the names of Froude and Freeman became symbols and watchwords in the rather unreal battle on the issue whether it is possible for a great historian to be both accurate and readable. In point of fact, Froude was capable of an infinity of dryasdust research, and Freeman of not a little rugged and sometimes flashy rhetoric. The matter had been settled many centuries ago by Thucydides, and the combatants had another example before their eyes, or at least fresh in their memory. Macaulay—as we know

from Sir G. Trevelyan's *Life*, the most brilliant of the Victorian biographies—thought no labour wasted in writing history, whether it was spent on verifying a fact, or perfecting a sentence.

On the Art of the Victorians—a difficult and much controverted topic—I will venture only a word. Turner can hardly be said to belong to them; but an Age which produced Millais and the Pre-Raphaelites and Watts, and in a later generation Frederick Walker and Cecil Lawson, can never (to put it at the lowest) be treated as a barren interlude in the annals of the English School of Painting.

I have left to the last a department in which the pre-eminence of the Victorians can hardly be challenged. Faraday, Joule, Kelvin, Lyell, are four of the most illustrious names on the roll of English science. The researches of the first three in Chemistry and Physics have not only added enormously to the exactness and the amplitude of those sciences, but were the source and the condition of the vast developments in mechanics, and the application of electricity, which have transformed the face of the world and the habits of mankind. A catalogue of the great Victorian men of Science, and of their achievements, would include W. K. Clifford and F. M. Balfour; whose early deaths were declared by Huxley to be the greatest loss in his time to that department of Thought, not only in England but in the world.

If not actually the most important, certainly the most interesting, intellectual event in the Age was the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859. There was nothing new in the conception of Evolution; it had a pedigree which stretched down from Heraclitus to Lamarck.

It had even in certain of its aspects been popularized in Great Britain in a once famous book—the *Vestiges of Creation*—which between 1844, when it was first published, and 1853, ran through nine large editions. But the great fence—the supposed immutability of species in the sphere of organic life—had still to be taken, and it is one of the singular so-called coincidences, of which there are many in the history of thought, that the road was being contemporaneously and independently explored in the first twenty years of the Victorian age by two Englishmen, Darwin and Wallace. Nothing can be finer or nobler than the relations which these two great men preserved to one another; it is one of the most honourable chapters in the annals of Science.

There can be no question as to the extent and depth of the interest which was aroused. There had been nothing like it since the accession of the Queen. The Scientific Camp was divided; the veteran Owen resolutely hostile, Lyell not wholly convinced, and the younger spirits, the men of the future, headed by Huxley—one of the few men of whom it can be doubted whether he had a finer faculty for Science or for Letters—full of enthusiastic faith. By some of them Darwin was hailed as a second Newton: and years afterwards, Mr. Romanes, the founder of this Lecture, and himself an accomplished biologist, went so far as to write: ‘If we may estimate the importance of an idea by the change of thought which it effects, this idea of natural selection is unquestionably the most important idea that has ever been conceived by the mind of man.’

There was another camp that was equally disturbed. The demonstration of the mutability of species, with its

possible, perhaps its necessary, corollary, that the human race had been physically developed from some lower form of organism, seemed to many excellent people to be a death-blow, not only to Revelation, but to all the higher and more spiritual conceptions of man's nature and functions. The lead in this sense was at once taken by a picturesque and interesting personage—the then Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce.

A meeting was to be held under the presidency of the Bishop in this very Theatre where we are assembled to-day. Its ostensible purpose was to advocate the claims of a Society for endowing Small Livings. Some weeks before the Bishop had invited the attendance of Mr. Disraeli—then leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons—in the character of an eminent layman of the Diocese. The appointed day (it was in the month of November) arrived; the Theatre was packed: the Bishop was in the Chair. Mr. Disraeli, attired (as we are told) in a black velvet jacket and a light-coloured waistcoat, with a billycock hat in his hands, sauntered in, as if he were paying a surprise visit to a Farmers' Ordinary. At the request of the Chairman, he got on his feet, and proceeded to deliver, with that superb nonchalance in which he was unrivalled among the orators of his day, one of his most carefully prepared and most effective speeches. Indeed among all his speeches, leaving aside his prolonged duel with Sir Robert Peel in the 'forties, I myself should select it as the one which best displays his characteristic powers, and their equally characteristic limitations; irony, invective, boundless audacity of thought and phrase, the thrill or the shock when least expected, a brooding impression of something

which is neither exactly sentiment nor exactly imagination, but has a touch of both, a glittering rhetoric, constantly hovering over the thin boundary line which divides eloquence and bombast. First he pulverized, to the complete satisfaction of the supporters of better endowed Small Livings, the Broad Church party of the day and its leaders: Stanley, Jowett, Maurice, and the rest. Then came the magniloquent epigram, 'Man, my Lord, is a being born to believe'. And, finally, he proceeded to dispose of Darwin and his school. 'What', he asked, 'is the question now placed before Society with glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this—Is man an Ape or an Angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the Angels.' There was nothing more to be said. The meeting broke up, their faith reassured, their enthusiasm unrestrained. There had been no victory so complete since 'Coxcombs vanquished Berkeley with a grin'.

It is difficult now to believe, and it had become difficult long before the curtain dropped on the Victorian Age, that the conclusions of Darwin, whether warranted or not by the evidence, should have been supposed to imperil, or even to affect, men's conceptions of the real place of Man in the hierarchy of Nature. Within the technical domain of Biology it is possible that Darwin raised more questions than he settled. There have been in that area ever since a succession of sects and schisms which almost recall the early centuries of the Christian Church: though, happily or unhappily, the Biologists cannot summon a General Council to define the orthodox faith and to anathematize the heretics.

I have tried to show you something of the extent and of the splendour of the contribution which the Victorians made to man's common and ever-growing heritage. I can only hope (but with no very robust or confident faith) that some successor of mine, fifty years hence, in this Chair, if he is minded to take a survey from the same outlook of post-Victorian times, may be able to say that their contribution was comparable in the things that permanently enrich and exalt mankind.

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795-1881

*The Opera*¹

(‘Dear P.,—Not having anything of my own which I could contribute (as is my wish and duty) to this pious Adventure of yours, and not being able in these busy days to get anything ready, I decide to offer you a bit of an Excerpt from that singular *Conspectus of England*, lately written, not yet printed, by Professor Ezechiel Peasemeal, a distinguished American friend of mine. Dr. Peasemeal will excuse my printing it here. His *Conspectus*, a work of some extent, has already been crowned by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Buncombe, which includes, as you know, the chief thinkers of the New World; and it will probably be printed entire in their ‘Transactions’ one day. Meanwhile let your readers have the first taste of it; and much good may it do them and you!’—T. C.)

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

¹ *The Keepsake* for 1852. The ‘Dear P.’ there, I recollect, was my old friend Procter (Barry Cornwall); and his ‘pious Adventure’ had reference to that same publication, under touching human circumstances which had lately arisen.

Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Hebrew times: and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and the reality of things; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and reality, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her.

Fact nevertheless it is, forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtaeus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies; a most *true* song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact, the best he could interpret it; the judgements of Eternal Destiny upon the erring sons of men. Aeschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To 'sing the praise of God', that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our

divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him!

David, King of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing!

.

Of the Haymarket Opera, my account, in fine, is this. Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted-up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius*, as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far

other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad, restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be

paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers;—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision: 'High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness!' And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: 'A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-master: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I *am*? And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!' This,

and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And, it must be owned, the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida,—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Chatabagues, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar oil graciousity, and then tripping out again;—and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Chatabagues, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged,

to 'the Melodies Eternal', might have valiantly weeded-out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's Creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Chatabagues and his improper-females past the prime of life! . . . I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart and Bellini—Oh, Heavens! when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too, I look not 'up into the divine eye', as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye-socket—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. . . .'

Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you: It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-

Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. . . .

Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion:—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasms;—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your ‘amusements’, which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

1800–1859

The Life of John Bunyan

JOHN BUNYAN, the most popular religious writer in the English language, was born at Elstow, about a mile from Bedford, in the year 1628. He may be said to have been born a tinker. The tinkers then formed a hereditary caste, which was held in no high estimation. They were generally vagrants and pilferers, and were often confounded with the gipsies, whom in truth they nearly resembled. Bunyan’s father was more respectable than most of the tribe. He had a fixed residence, and was able to send his son to a village school where reading and writing were taught.

The years of John's boyhood were those during which the Puritan spirit was in the highest vigour all over England; and nowhere had that spirit more influence than in Bedfordshire. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a lad to whom nature had given a powerful imagination and sensibility which amounted to a disease, should have been early haunted by religious terrors. Before he was ten, his sports were interrupted by fits of remorse and despair; and his sleep was disturbed by dreams of fiends trying to fly away with him. As he grew older, his mental conflicts became still more violent. The strong language in which he described them has strangely misled all his biographers except Mr. Southey. It has long been an ordinary practice with pious writers to cite Bunyan as an instance of the supernatural power of divine grace to rescue the human soul from the lowest depths of wickedness. He is called in one book the most notorious of profligates; in another, the brand plucked from the burning. He is designated in Mr. Ivimey's *History of the Baptists* as the depraved Bunyan, the wicked tinker of Elstow. Mr. Ryland, a man once of great note among the Dissenters, breaks out into the following rhapsody:—'No man of common sense and common integrity can deny that Bunyan was a practical atheist, a worthless contemptible infidel, a vile rebel to God and goodness, a common profligate, a soul-despising, a soul-murdering, a soul-damning, thoughtless wretch as could exist on the face of the earth. Now be astonished, O heavens, to eternity! and wonder, O earth and hell! while time endures. Behold this very man become a miracle of mercy, a mirror of wisdom, goodness, holiness, truth, and love.' But whoever takes the trouble to examine

the evidence will find that the good men who wrote this had been deceived by a phraseology which, as they had been hearing it and using it all their lives, they ought to have understood better. There cannot be a greater mistake than to infer from the strong expressions in which a devout man bemoans his exceeding sinfulness, that he has led a worse life than his neighbours. Many excellent persons, whose moral character from boyhood to old age has been free from any stain discernible to their fellow creatures, have, in their autobiographies and diaries, applied to themselves, and doubtless with sincerity, epithets as severe as could be applied to Titus Oates or Mrs. Brownrigg. It is quite certain that Bunyan was, at eighteen, what, in any but the most austere puritanical circles, would have been considered as a young man of singular gravity and innocence. Indeed, it may be remarked that he, like many other penitents who, in general terms, acknowledge themselves to have been the worst of mankind, fired up, and stood vigorously on his defence, whenever any particular charge was brought against him by others.

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It does not appear from his own confessions, or from the railings of his enemies, that he ever was drunk in his life. One bad habit he contracted, that of using profane language; but he tells us that a single reproof cured him so effectually that he never offended again. The worst that can be laid to the charge of this poor youth, whom it has been the fashion to represent as the most desperate of reprobates, as a village Rochester, is that he had a great liking for some diversions, quite harmless in themselves,

but condemned by the rigid precisians among whom he lived, and for whose opinion he had a great respect. The four chief sins of which he was guilty were dancing, ringing the bells of the parishchurch, playing at tipcat, and reading the *History of Sir Bevis of Southampton*. A Rector of the school of Laud would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model. But Bunyan's notions of good and evil had been learned in a very different school; and he was made miserable by the conflict between his tastes and his scruples.

When he was about seventeen, the ordinary course of his life was interrupted by an event which gave a lasting colour to his thoughts. He enlisted in the parliamentary army, and served during the decisive campaign of 1645. All that we know of his military career is that, at the siege of Leicester, one of his comrades, who had taken his post, was killed by a shot from the town. Bunyan ever after considered himself as having been saved from death by the special interference of Providence. It may be observed, that his imagination was strongly impressed by the glimpse which he had caught of the pomp of war. To the last he loved to draw his illustrations of sacred things from camps and fortresses, from guns, drums, trumpets, flags of truce, and regiments arrayed, each under its own banner. His Greatheart, his Captain Boanerges, and his Captain Credence, are evidently portraits, of which the originals were among those martial saints who fought and expounded in Fairfax's army.

In a few months Bunyan returned home, and married. His wife had some pious relations, and brought him as her only portion some pious books. And now his mind,

excitable by nature, very imperfectly disciplined by education, and exposed, without any protection, to the infectious virulence of the enthusiasm which was then epidemic in England, began to be fearfully disordered. In outward things he soon became a strict Pharisee. He was constant in attendance at prayers and sermons. His favourite amusements were, one after another, relinquished, though not without many painful struggles. In the middle of a game at tipcat he paused, and stood staring wildly upwards with his stick in his hand. He had heard a voice asking him whether he would leave his sins and go to heaven, or keep his sins and go to hell; and he had seen an awful countenance frowning on him from the sky. The odious vice of bell-ringing he renounced; but he still for a time ventured to go to the church tower and look on while others pulled the ropes. But soon the thought struck him that, if he persisted in such wickedness, the steeple would fall on his head; and he fled in terror from the accursed place. To give up dancing on the village green was still harder; and some months elapsed before he had the fortitude to part with this darling sin. When this last sacrifice had been made, he was, even when tried by the maxims of that austere time, faultless. All Elstow talked of him as an eminently pious youth. But his own mind was more unquiet than ever. Having nothing more to do in the way of visible reformation, yet finding in religion no pleasures to supply the place of the juvenile amusements which he had relinquished, he began to apprehend that he lay under some special malediction; and he was tormented by a succession of fantasies which seemed likely to drive him to suicide or to Bedlam.

At one time he took it into his head that all persons of Israelite blood would be saved, and tried to make out that he partook of that blood; but his hopes were speedily destroyed by his father, who seems to have had no ambition to be regarded as a Jew.

At another time Bunyan was disturbed by a strange dilemma: 'If I have not faith, I am lost; if I have faith, I can work miracles.' He was tempted to cry to the puddles between Elstow and Bedford, 'Be ye dry,' and to stake his eternal hopes on the event.

Then he took up a notion that the day of grace for Bedford and the neighbouring villages was passed; that all who were to be saved in that part of England were already converted; and that he had begun to pray and strive some months too late.

Then he was harassed by doubts whether the Turks were not in the right, and the Christians in the wrong. Then he was troubled by a maniacal impulse which prompted him to pray to the trees, to a broomstick, to the parish bull. As yet, however, he was only entering the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Soon the darkness grew thicker. Hideous forms floated before him. Sounds of cursing and wailing were in his ears. His way ran through stench and fire, close to the mouth of the bottomless pit. He began to be haunted by a strange curiosity about the unpardonable sin, and by a morbid longing to commit it. But the most frightful of all the forms which his disease took was a propensity to utter blasphemy, and especially to renounce his share in the benefits of the Redemption. Night and day, in bed, at table, at work, evil spirits, as he imagined, were repeating close to his ear the words, 'Sell

him, sell him.' He struck at the hobgoblins; he pushed them from him; but still they were ever at his side. He cried out in answer to them, hour after hour, 'Never, never; not for thousands of worlds; not for thousands.' At length, worn out by this long agony, he suffered the fatal words to escape him, 'Let him go, if he will.' Then his misery became more fearful than ever. He had done what could not be forgiven. He had forfeited his part of the great sacrifice. Like Esau, he had sold his birthright; and there was no longer any place for repentance. 'None', he afterwards wrote, 'knows the terrors of those days but myself.' He has described his sufferings with singular energy, simplicity, and pathos. He envied the brutes; he envied the very stones in the street, and the tiles on the houses. The sun seemed to withhold its light and warmth from him. His body, though cast in a sturdy mould, and though still in the highest vigour of youth, trembled whole days together with the fear of death and judgement. He fancied that this trembling was the sign set on the worst reprobates, the sign which God had put on Cain. The unhappy man's emotion destroyed his power of digestion. He had such pains that he expected to burst asunder like Judas, whom he regarded as his prototype.

Neither the books which Bunyan read, nor the advisers whom he consulted, were likely to do much good in a case like his. His small library had received a most unseasonable addition, the account of the lamentable end of Francis Spira. One ancient man of high repute for piety, whom the sufferer consulted, gave an opinion which might well have produced fatal consequences. 'I am afraid', said Bunyan, 'that I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost.'

‘Indeed,’ said the old fanatic, ‘I am afraid that you have.’

At length the clouds broke; the light became clearer and clearer; and the enthusiast, who had imagined that he was branded with the mark of the first murderer, and destined to the end of the arch-traitor, enjoyed peace and a cheerful confidence in the mercy of God. Years elapsed, however, before his nerves, which had been so perilously overstrained, recovered their tone. When he had joined a Baptist society at Bedford, and was for the first time admitted to partake of the Eucharist, it was with difficulty that he could refrain from imprecating destruction on his brethren while the cup was passing from hand to hand. After he had been some time a member of the congregation, he began to preach; and his sermons produced a powerful effect. He was indeed illiterate; but he spoke to illiterate men. The severe training through which he had passed had given him such an experimental knowledge of all the modes of religious melancholy as he could never have gathered from books; and his vigorous genius, animated by a fervent spirit of devotion, enabled him not only to exercise a great influence over the vulgar, but even to extort the half contemptuous admiration of scholars. Yet it was long before he ceased to be tormented by an impulse which urged him to utter words of horrible impiety in the pulpit.

Counter-irritants are of as great use in moral as in physical diseases. It should seem that Bunyan was finally relieved from the internal sufferings which had embittered his life by sharp persecution from without. He had been five years a preacher, when the Restoration put it in the

power of the Cavalier gentlemen and clergymen all over the country to oppress the Dissenters; and, of all the Dissenters whose history is known to us, he was perhaps the most hardly treated. In November 1660, he was flung into Bedford jail; and there he remained, with some intervals of partial and precarious liberty, during twelve years. His persecutors tried to extort from him a promise that he would abstain from preaching; but he was convinced that he was divinely set apart and commissioned to be a teacher of righteousness, and he was fully determined to obey God rather than man. He was brought before several tribunals, laughed at, caressed, reviled, menaced, but in vain. He was facetiously told that he was quite right in thinking that he ought not to hide his gift; but that his real gift was skill in repairing old kettles. He was compared to Alexander the coppersmith. He was told that, if he would give up preaching he should be instantly liberated. He was warned that, if he persisted in disobeying the law, he would be liable to banishment, and that, if he were found in England after a certain time, his neck would be stretched. His answer was, 'If you let me out to-day, I will preach again to-morrow.' Year after year he lay patiently in a dungeon, compared with which the worst prison now to be found in the island is a palace. His fortitude is the more extraordinary, because his domestic feelings were unusually strong. Indeed, he was considered by his stern brethren as somewhat too fond and indulgent a parent. He had several small children, and among them a daughter who was blind, and whom he loved with peculiar tenderness. He could not, he said, bear even to let the wind blow on her; and now she must suffer cold and

hunger; she must beg; she must be beaten; 'yet,' he added, 'I must, I must do it.' While he lay in prison he could do nothing in the way of his old trade for the support of his family. He determined, therefore, to take up a new trade. He learned to make long tagged thread laces; and many thousands of these articles were furnished by him to the hawkers. While his hands were thus busied, he had other employment for his mind and his lips. He gave religious instruction to his fellow captives, and formed from among them a little flock, of which he was himself the pastor. He studied indefatigably the few books which he possessed. His two chief companions were the Bible and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. His knowledge of the Bible was such that he might have been called a living concordance; and on the margin of his copy of the *Book of Martyrs* are still legible the ill-spelt lines of doggerel in which he expressed his reverence for the brave sufferers, and his implacable enmity to the mystical Babylon.

At length he began to write, and, though it was some time before he discovered where his strength lay, his writings were not unsuccessful. They were coarse, indeed, but they showed a keen mother wit, a great command of the homely mother tongue, an intimate knowledge of the English Bible, and a vast and dearly bought spiritual experience. They therefore, when the corrector of the press had improved the syntax and the spelling, were well received by the humbler class of Dissenters.

Much of Bunyan's time was spent in controversy. He wrote sharply against the Quakers, whom he seems always to have held in utter abhorrence. It is, however, a remarkable fact that he adopted one of their peculiar fashions: his

practice was to write, not November or December, but eleventh and twelfth month.

He wrote against the liturgy of the Church of England. No two things, according to him, had less affinity than the form of prayer and the spirit of prayer. 'Those, he said with much point, who have most of the spirit of prayer are all to be found in jail; and those who have most zeal for the form of prayer are all to be found at the alehouse. 'The doctrinal articles, on the other hand, he warmly praised, and defended against some Arminian clergymen who had signed them. The most acrimonious of all his works is his answer to Edward Fowler, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, an excellent man, but not free from the taint of Pelagianism.

Bunyan had also a dispute with some of the chiefs of the sect to which he belonged. He doubtless held with perfect sincerity the distinguishing tenet of that sect, but he did not consider that tenet as one of high importance, and willingly joined in communion with pious Presbyterians and Independents. The sterner Baptists, therefore, loudly pronounced him a false brother. A controversy arose which long survived the original combatants. In our own time the cause which Bunyan had defended with rude logic and rhetoric against Kiffin and Danvers was pleaded by Robert Hall with an ingenuity and eloquence such as no polemical writer has ever surpassed.

During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, Bunyan's confinement seems to have been strict. But as the passions of 1660 cooled, as the hatred with which the Puritans had been regarded while their reign was recent gave place to pity, he was less and less harshly treated. The distress of his family, and his own

patience, courage, and piety, softened the hearts of his persecutors. Like his own Christian in the cage, he found protectors even among the crowd of Vanity Fair. The Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Barlow, is said to have interceded for him. At length the prisoner was suffered to pass most of his time beyond the walls of the jail, on condition, as it should seem, that he remained within the town of Bedford.

He owed his complete liberation to one of the worst acts of one of the worst governments that England has ever seen. In 1671 the Cabal was in power. Charles II had concluded the treaty by which he bound himself to set up the Roman Catholic religion in England. The first step which he took towards that end was to annul, by an unconstitutional exercise of his prerogative, all the penal statutes against the Roman Catholics; and, in order to disguise his real design, he annulled at the same time the penal statutes against Protestant Nonconformists. Bunyan was consequently set at large. In the first warmth of his gratitude he published a tract in which he compared Charles to that humane and generous Persian king who, though not himself blessed with the light of the true religion, favoured the chosen people, and permitted them, after years of captivity, to rebuild their beloved temple. To candid men, who consider how much Bunyan had suffered, and how little he could guess the secret designs of the Court, the unsuspecting thankfulness with which he accepted the precious boon of freedom will not appear to require any apology.

Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book

is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words, quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, sunny pastures, a gloomy castle of which the courtyard was strewn with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners, a town all bustle and splendour, like London on the Lord Mayor's Day, and the narrow path, straight as a rule could make it, running on up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate. He had found out, as most people would have said, by accident, as he would doubtless have said, by the guidance of Providence, where his powers lay. He had no suspicion, indeed, that he was producing a masterpiece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature; for of English literature he knew nothing. Those who suppose him to have studied the *Fairy Queen* might easily be confuted, if this were the proper place for a detailed examination of the passages in which the two allegories have been thought to resemble each other. The only work of fiction, in all probability, with which he could compare his Pilgrim, was his old favourite, the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. He would have thought it a sin to borrow any time from the serious business of his life, from his expositions, his controversies, and his lace tags, for the purpose of amusing himself with what he considered merely as a

trifle. It was only, he assures us, at spare moments that he returned to the House Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground. He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line till the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased. Others were much scandalized. It was a vain story, a mere romance, about giants, and lions, and goblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose atheistical wits at Will's might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the Court: but did it become a minister of the gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world? There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable. But that time was past; and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state. He saw that, in employing fiction to make truth clear and goodness attractive, he was only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself; and he determined to print.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months, the little volume circulated only among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings, frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without, which every moment drew a smile from him by

some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In puritanical circles, from which plays and novels were strictly excluded, that effect was such as no work of genius, though it were superior to the *Iliad*, to *Don Quixote*, or to *Othello*, can ever produce on a mind accustomed to indulge in literary luxury. In 1678 came forth a second edition with additions; and then the demand became immense. In the four following years the book was reprinted six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in; and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copperplates, which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon, or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair. In Scotland, and in some of the Colonies, the Pilgrim was even more popular than in his native country. Bunyan has told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in New England his dream was the daily subject of the conversation of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in the most superb binding. He had numerous admirers in Holland, and among the Huguenots of France. With the pleasures, however, he experienced some of the pains of eminence. Knavish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant tinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

He took the best way to confound both those who counterfeited him and those who slandered him. He con-

tinued to work the Gold-field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures, not indeed with quite such ease and in quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success which left all competition far behind. In 1684 appeared the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was soon followed by the *Holy War*, which, if the *Pilgrim's Progress* did not exist, would be the best allegory that ever was written.

Bunyan's place in society was now very different from what it had been. There had been a time when many Dissenting ministers, who could talk Latin and read Greek, had affected to treat him with scorn. But his fame and influence now far exceeded theirs. He had so great an authority among the Baptists that he was popularly called Bishop Bunyan. His episcopal visitations were annual. From Bedford he rode every year to London, and preached there to large and attentive congregations. From London he went his circuit through the country, animating the zeal of his brethren, collecting and distributing alms, and making up quarrels. The magistrates seem in general to have given him little trouble. But there is reason to believe that, in the year 1685, he was in some danger of again occupying his old quarters in Bedford jail. In that year the rash and wicked enterprise of Monmouth gave the Government a pretext for prosecuting the Nonconformists; and scarcely one eminent divine of the Presbyterian, Independent, or Baptist persuasion remained unmolested. Baxter was in prison: Howe was driven into exile: Henry was arrested. Two eminent Baptists, with whom Bunyan had been engaged in controversy, were in great peril and distress. Danvers was in danger of being hanged; and

Kiffin's grandsons were actually hanged. The tradition is that, during those evil days, Bunyan was forced to disguise himself as a wagoner, and that he preached to his congregation at Bedford in a smock-frock, with a cart-whip in his hand. But soon a great change took place. James the Second was at open war with the Church, and found it necessary to court the Dissenters. Some of the creatures of the Government tried to secure the aid of Bunyan. They probably knew that he had written in praise of the indulgence of 1672, and therefore hoped that he might be equally pleased with the indulgence of 1687. But fifteen years of thought, observation, and commerce with the world had made him wiser. Nor were the cases exactly parallel. Charles was a professed Protestant: James was a professed Papist. The object of Charles's indulgence was disguised: the object of James's indulgence was patent. Bunyan was not deceived. He exhorted his hearers to prepare themselves by fasting and prayer for the danger which menaced their civil and religious liberties, and refused even to speak to the courtier who came down to remodel the corporation of Bedford, and who, as was supposed, had it in charge to offer some municipal dignity to the Bishop of the Baptists.

Bunyan did not live to see the Revolution. In the summer of 1688 he undertook to plead the cause of a son with an angry father, and at length prevailed on the old man not to disinherit the young one. This good work cost the benevolent intercessor his life. He had to ride through heavy rain. He came drenched to his lodgings on Snow Hill, was seized with a violent fever, and died in a few days. He was buried in Bunhill Fields; and the spot where

he lies is still regarded by the Nonconformists with a feeling which seems scarcely in harmony with the stern spirit of their theology. Many Puritans to whom the respect paid by Roman Catholics to the reliques and tombs of saints seemed childish or sinful, are said to have begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near as possible to the coffin of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The fame of Bunyan during his life, and during the century which followed his death, was indeed great, but was almost entirely confined to religious families of the middle and lower classes. Very seldom was he during that time mentioned with respect by any writer of great literary eminence. Young coupled his prose with the poetry of the wretched D'Urfey. In the *Spiritual Quixote*, the adventures of Christian are ranked with those of Jack the Giant-Killer and John Hickathrift. Cowper ventured to praise the great allegorist, but did not venture to name him. It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were evidently meant for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates, were all of the meanest description. In general, when the educated minority and the common people differ about the merit of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

The attempts which have been made to improve and to imitate this book are not to be numbered. It has been done into verse: it has been done into modern English.

The Pilgrimage of Tender Conscience, the Pilgrimage of Good Intent, the Pilgrimage of Seck Truth, the Pilgrimage of Theophilus, the Infant Pilgrim, the Hindoo Pilgrim, are among the many feeble copies of the great original. But the peculiar glory of Bunyan is that those who most hated his doctrines have tried to borrow the help of his genius. A Catholic version of his parable may be seen with the head of the Virgin in the title page. On the other hand, those Antinomians for whom his Calvinism is not strong enough, may study the pilgrimage of Hephzibah, in which nothing will be found which can be construed into an admission of free agency and universal redemption. But the most extraordinary of all the acts of Vandalism by which a fine work of art was ever defaced was committed so late as the year 1853. It was determined to transform the *Pilgrim's Progress* into a Tractarian book. The task was not easy: for it was necessary to make the two sacraments the most prominent objects in the allegory; and of all Christian theologians, avowed Quakers excepted, Bunyan was the one in whose system the sacraments held the least prominent place. However, the Wicket Gate became a type of baptism, and the House Beautiful of the Eucharist. The effect of this change is such as assuredly the ingenious person who made it never contemplated. For, as not a single pilgrim passes through the Wicket Gate in infancy, and as Faithful hurries past the House Beautiful without stopping, the lesson which the fable in its altered shape teaches, is that none but adults ought to be baptized, and that the Eucharist may safely be neglected. Nobody would have discovered from the original *Pilgrim's Progress* that the author was not a Paedobaptist. To turn his book into a book

against Paedobaptism was an achievement reserved for an Anglo-Catholic divine. Such blunders must necessarily be committed by every man who mutilates parts of a great work, without taking a comprehensive view of the whole.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

1801-1890

The True Gentleman Defined

IT is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in

conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets every thing for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a longsighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its

province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character,

which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from religious principle. They are seen within the pale of the Church and without it, in holy men, and in profligate; they form the *beau-ideal* of the world; they partly assist and partly distort the development of the Catholic. They may subserve the education of a St. Francis de Sales or a Cardinal Pole; they may be the limits of the contemplation of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow students at the schools of Athens; and one became the Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-1882

Gifts

Gifts of one who loved me,—
'Twas high time they came;
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame.

IT is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what

to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents;—flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature; they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cocker us: we are children, not pets: she is not fond: everything is dealt to us without fear or favour, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men used to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure, the flowers give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer-fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labour and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door has no shoes you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic

desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering, or payment of blackmail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves; but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat,

because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

Brother, if Jove to thee a present make
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take.

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society, if it do not give us, besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at a level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, 'How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine?' which belief of mine this gift seems to deny. Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my Lord Timon. For the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually

punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, 'Do not flatter your benefactors.'

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that goodwill I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgements of any person who would thank us for a benefit without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favours on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons from whom we always expect fairy tokens; let us not cease to expect them.

This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-1894

My Last Walk with the Schoolmistress

(A Parenthesis)

I CAN'T say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favourable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the school-house steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers, that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

—— I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow.—Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been moulded in the rose-red clay of Love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love-capacity is a congenital endowment; and I think, after awhile, one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of them.—Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Small-pox and Bankruptcy. She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle, and more than middle-aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An official of standing was rude to me once. Oh, that is the maternal grandfather,—said a wise old friend to me,—he was a boor.—Better too few words, from the woman we love, than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself.—Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak

much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

— Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress, or not,—whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon,—whether I cribbed them from Balzac,—whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom,—or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl, Experience (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real live eggs), I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things,—and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

— You are a stranger to me, ma'am.—I don't doubt you would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress.—I shan't do it;—I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in this. Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it. I shall tell only what I like of what I remember.

— My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front-yards or borders; Commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio-gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences, one in Myrtle Street, or backing on it,—here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their

outspread hands over your head (as I said in my poem the other day), and look as if they were whispering, 'May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!'—and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other, until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower-beds of the Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatter-demalions playing pitch-and-toss beats a row of Sunday-school boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colours relating to it. That is his way about everything.——'I hold any man cheap,'—he said,—'of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans.' 'How is that, Professor?'—said I,—'I should have set you down for one of that sort.'——'Sir,'—said he,—'I am proud to say, that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a *duck* without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of the Luxembourg.' And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of

cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe,—‘What are these people about?’ And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back,—‘We will go and see.’ So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers,—‘Come with me.’ Then they go softly with it into the great city, one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman’s bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery-railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other,—‘Wait awhile!’ The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other,—‘Wait awhile!’ By-and-by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old dotting oak hugging a huge worn block in

its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State-House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

—— Let us cry!——

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own mouth and eyes with it,—but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers.—Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that,—that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,—to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan-pit,—to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill-wheel works up

the stream that runs through the flume upon its float-boards,—to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness, which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,—and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant which passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labour and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

—— I never addressed one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed

to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall* or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question——‘Will you take the long path with me?’——‘Certainly,’——said the schoolmistress,——‘with much pleasure.’——‘Think’,——I said,——‘before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!’——The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,——the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree.——‘Pray, sit down,’——I said.——‘No, no,’——she answered softly,——‘I will walk the *long path* with you!’

— The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—‘Good morning, my dears!’

JOHN BROWN

1810–1882

Toby

WAS the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld: in one word, *a tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his colour black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy; altogether what Sidney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog: and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, *bonnie wi’ ill-faurednes*. My brother William found him the centre of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William bought him for twopence, and as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and giving the twopence to the biggest boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared; one penny going off with a very small and swift boy, and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to any one but ourselves two and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and of dirt, I believe she would have expelled 'him whom we saved from drowning', had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout of laughter, that we—grandmother, sisters, and all of us—went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but as surely as the pressure of Tom Jones' infantile fist upon Mr. Allworthy's forefinger undid all the arguments of his sister, so did Toby's tongue and fun prove too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong coarse dog: coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. I used to think that, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, he must have been, or been going to be, a Gilmerton carter. He was of the bull-terrier variety, coarsened through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled—indeed it was a tail *per se*; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's

baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke which shook the house; this, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative, having been as masterly and telling as his last.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves: there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him—and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!), forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly

equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby, ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his fore-legs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail,—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the 'minister's man', to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

I never saw in any other dog the sudden transition from discretion, not to say abject cowardice, to blazing and

permanent valour. From his earliest years he showed a general meanness of blood, inherited from many generations of starved, bekicked, and downtrodden forefathers and mothers, resulting in a condition of intense abjectness in all matters of personal fear; anybody, even a beggar, by a *growl* and a threat of eye, could send him off howling by anticipation, with that mighty tail between his legs. But it was not always so to be, and I had the privilege of seeing courage, reasonable, absolute, and for life, spring up in Toby at once, as did Athené from the skull of Jove. It happened thus:—

Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighbouring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man—*torvo vultu*—was, by law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shovelling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when S. spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrific *growl*. I watched them. Instantly Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself with proclaiming his victory at the door, and returning finished his bone-planting at his

leisure; the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass door, glaring at him.

From this moment Toby was an altered dog. Pluck at first sight was lord of all; from that time dated his first tremendous deliverance of tail against the door, which we called 'come listen to my tail'. That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big tyrannical bully and coward, which its master thought a Newfoundland, but whose pedigree we knew better; this brute continued the same system of chronic extermination which was interrupted at Lochend,—having Toby down among his feet, and threatening him with instant death two or three times a day. To him Toby paid a visit that very evening, down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say, 'Come on, Macduff!' but Macduff did not come on, and henceforward there was an armed neutrality, and they merely stiffened up and made their backs rigid, pretended each not to see the other, walking solemnly round, as is the manner of dogs. Toby worked his new-found faculty thoroughly, but with discretion. He killed cats, astonished beggars, kept his own in his own garden against all comers, and came off victorious in several well-fought battles; but he was not quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his carriage changed, holding his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To my father, next to William, who was his Humane Society man, he remained staunch. He had a great dislike to all things abnormal, as the phrase now is. A young lady of his acquaintance was calling one day, and, relating some distressing events, she became hysterical. Of this Toby did not approve, and sallying from under my father's chair, attacked his friend, barking fiercely, and cut

short the hysterics better than any *sal volatile* or valerian. He then made abject apologies to the patient, and slunk back to his chair.

And what of his end? for the misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or, as Sir Walter says, it is well they do; for if they lived as long as a Christian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand.

His exit was lamentable, and had a strange poetic or tragic relation to his entrance. My father was out of town; I was away in England. Whether it was that the absence of my father had relaxed his power of moral restraint, or whether through neglect of the servant he had been desperately hungry, or most likely both being true, Toby was discovered with the remains of a cold leg of mutton, on which he had made an ample meal;¹ this he was in vain endeavouring to plant as of old, in the hope of its remaining undiscovered till to-morrow's hunger returned, the whole shank-bone sticking up unmistakably. This was seen by our excellent and Rhadamanthine grandmother, who pronounced sentence on the instant; and next day, as William was leaving for the High School, did he in the sour morning, through an easterly *haur*, behold him 'whom he had saved from drowning', and whom, with better results than in the case of Launce and Crab, he had taught, as if one should say 'thus would I teach a dog',—dangling by his own chain from his own lamp-post, one of his hind feet just touching the pavement, and his body preternaturally elongated.

¹ Toby was in the state of the shepherd boy whom George Webster met in Glenshee, and asked, 'My man, were you ever fou?' 'Aye, aince'—speaking slowly, as if remembering—'Aye, aince.' 'What on?' 'Cauld mutton!'

William found him dead and warm, and falling in with the milk-boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence, he—Toby's every morning's crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can—had, with an eye to speed and convenience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream, and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and, being late, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby; my father said little, but he missed and mourned his friend.

There is reason to believe that by one of those curious intertwistings of existence, the milk-boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811-1863

Ogres

I DARE say the reader has remarked that the upright and independent vowel, which stands in the vowel-list between E and O, has formed the subject of the main part of these essays. How does that vowel feel this morning?—fresh, good-humoured, and lively? The Roundabout lines, which fall from this pen, are correspondingly brisk and cheerful. Has anything, on the contrary, disagreed with

the vowel? Has its rest been disturbed, or was yesterday's dinner too good, or yesterday's wine not good enough? Under such circumstances, a darkling, misanthropic tinge, no doubt, is cast upon the paper. The jokes, if attempted, are elaborate and dreary. The bitter temper breaks out. That sneering manner is adopted, which you know, and which exhibits itself so especially when the writer is speaking about women. A moody carelessness comes over him. He sees no good in any body or thing; and treats gentlemen, ladies, history, and things in general, with a like gloomy flippancy. Agreed. When the vowel in question is in that mood; if you like airy gaiety and tender gushing benevolence—if you want to be satisfied with yourself and the rest of your fellow beings; I recommend you, my dear creature, to go to some other shop in Cornhill, or turn to some other article. There are moods in the mind of the vowel of which we are speaking, when it is ill-conditioned and captious. Who always keeps good health, and good humour? Do not philosophers grumble? Are not sages sometimes out of temper? and do not angel-women go off in tantrums? To-day my mood is dark. I scowl as I dip my pen in the inkstand.

Here is the day come round—for everything here is done with the utmost regularity:—intellectual labour, sixteen hours; meals, thirty-two minutes; exercise, a hundred and forty-eight minutes; conversation with the family, chiefly literary, and about the housekeeping, one hour and four minutes; sleep, three hours and fifteen minutes (at the end of the month, when the Magazine is complete, I own I take eight minutes more); and the rest for the toilette and the world. Well, I say, the *Roundabout*

Paper Day being come, and the subject long since settled in my mind, an excellent subject—a most telling, lively, and popular subject—I go to breakfast determined to finish that meal in $9\frac{3}{4}$ minutes, as usual, and then retire to my desk and work, when—oh, provoking!—here in the paper is the very subject treated, on which I was going to write! Yesterday another paper which I saw treated it—and of course, as I need not tell you, spoiled it. Last Saturday, another paper had an article on the subject; perhaps you may guess what it was—but I won't tell you. Only this is true, my favourite subject, which was about to make the best paper we have had for a long time; my bird, my game that I was going to shoot and serve up with such a delicate sauce, has been found by other sportsmen; and pop, pop, pop, a half-dozen of guns have banged at it, mangled it, and brought it down.

‘And can't you take some other text?’ say you. All this is mighty well. But if you have set your heart on a certain dish for dinner, be it cold boiled veal, or what you will; and they bring you turtle and venison, don't you feel disappointed? During your walk you have been making up your mind that that cold meat, with moderation and a pickle, will be a very sufficient dinner: you have accustomed your thoughts to it; and here, in place of it, is a turkey, surrounded by coarse sausages, or a reeking pigeon-pie, or a fulsome roast-pig. I have known many a good and kind man made furiously angry by such a *contretemps*. I have known him lose his temper, call his wife and servants names, and a whole household made miserable. If, then, as is notoriously the case, it is too dangerous to balk a man about his dinner, how much more about his article?

I came to my meal with an ogre-like appetite and gusto. Fee, faw, fum! Wife, where is that tender little Princekin? Have you trussed him, and did you stuff him nicely, and have you taken care to baste him and do him, not too brown, as I told you? Quick, I am hungry! I begin to whet my knife, to roll my eyes about, and roar and clap my huge chest like a gorilla; and then my poor Ogrina has to tell me that the little princes have all run away, whilst she was in the kitchen, making the paste to bake them in! I pause in the description. I won't condescend to report the bad language, which you know must ensue, when an ogre, whose mind is ill-regulated, and whose habits of self-indulgence are notorious, finds himself disappointed of his greedy hopes. What treatment of his wife, what abuse and brutal behaviour to his children, who, though ogrillons, are children! My dears, you may fancy, and need not ask my delicate pen to describe, the language and behaviour of a vulgar, coarse, greedy, large man with an immense mouth and teeth, which are too frequently employed in the gobbling and crunching of raw man's meat.

And in this circuitous way you see I have reached my present subject, which is, Ogres. You fancy they are dead or only fictitious characters—mythical representatives of strength, cruelty, stupidity, and lust for blood? Though they had seven-leagued boots, you remember all sorts of little whipping-snapping Tom Thumbs used to elude and outrun them. They were so stupid that they gave in to the most shallow ambushes and artifices: witness that well-known ogre who, because Jack cut open the hasty-pudding, instantly ripped open his own stupid waistcoat and interior. They were cruel, brutal, disgusting with

their sharpened teeth, immense knives, and roaring voices: but they always ended by being overcome by little Tom Thumbkins, or some other smart little champion.

Yes; they were conquered in the end, there is no doubt. They plunged headlong (and uttering the most frightful bad language) into some pit where Jack came with his smart *couteau de chasse* and whipped their brutal heads off. They would be going to devour maidens,

But ever when it seemed
Their need was at the sorest,
A knight, in armour bright,
Came riding through the forest.

And down, after a combat, would go the brutal persecutor with a lance through his midriff. Yes, I say, this is very true and well. But you remember that round the ogre's cave, the ground was covered, for hundreds and hundreds of yards, *with the bones of the victims* whom he had lured into the castle. Many knights and maids came to him and perished under his knife and teeth. Were dragons the same as ogres? Monsters dwelling in caverns, whence they rushed, attired in plate armour, wielding pikes and torches, and destroying stray passengers who passed by their lair? Monsters, brutes, rapacious tyrants, ruffians as they were, doubtless they ended by being overcome. But, before they were destroyed, they did a deal of mischief. The bones round their caves were countless. They had sent many brave souls to Hades, before their own fled, howling, out of their rascal carcasses, to the same place of gloom.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that fairies, champions, distressed damsels, and by consequence ogres have ceased to exist. It may not be *ogreable* to them

(pardon the horrible pleasantry, but, as I am writing in the solitude of my chamber, I am grinding my teeth—yelling, roaring, and cursing—brandishing my scissors and paper-cutter, and, as it were, have become an ogre). I say there is no greater mistake than to suppose that ogres have ceased to exist. We all *know* ogres. Their caverns are round us, and about us. There are the castles of several ogres within a mile of the spot where I write. I think some of them suspect I am an ogre myself. I am not: but I know they are. I visit them. I don't mean to say that they take a cold roast prince out of the cupboard, and have a cannibal feast before *me*. But I see the bones lying about the roads to their houses, and in the areas and gardens. Politeness, of course, prevents me from making any remarks; but I know them well enough. One of the ways to know 'em is to watch the scared looks of the ogres' wives and children. They lead an awful life. They are present at dreadful cruelties. In their excesses those ogres will stab about, and kill not only strangers who happen to call in and ask a night's lodging, but they will outrage, murder, and chop up their own kin. We all know ogres, I say, and have been in their dens often. It is not necessary that ogres who ask you to dine should offer their guests the *peculiar dish* which they like. They cannot always get a Tom Thumb family. They eat mutton and beef too; and I dare say even go out to tea, and invite you to drink it. But I tell you there are numbers of them going about in the world. And now you have my word for it, and this little hint, it is quite curious what an interest society may be made to have for you, by your determining to find out the ogres you meet there.

What does the man mean? says Mrs. Downright, to

whom a joke is a very grave thing. I mean, madam, that, in the company assembled in your genteel drawing-room, who bow here and there and smirk in white neckcloths, you receive men who elbow through life successfully enough, but who are ogres in private: men wicked, false, rapacious, flattering; cruel hectors at home; smiling courtiers abroad; causing wives, children, servants, parents, to tremble before them, and smiling and bowing as they bid strangers welcome into their castles. I say, there are men who have crunched the bones of victim after victim; in whose closets lie skeletons picked frightfully clean. When these ogres come out into the world, you don't suppose they show their knives, and their great teeth? A neat simple white neckcloth, a merry rather obsequious manner, a cadaverous look, perhaps, now and again, and a rather dreadful grin; but I know ogres very considerably respected: and when you hint to such and such a man, 'My dear sir, Mr. Sharpus, whom you appear to like, is, I assure you, a most dreadful cannibal'; the gentleman cries, 'Oh, psha, nonsense! Dare say not so black as he is painted. Dare say not worse than his neighbours.' We condone everything in this country—private treason, falsehood, flattery, cruelty at home, roguery, and double dealing—What? Do you mean to say in your acquaintance you don't know ogres guilty of countless crimes of fraud and force, and that knowing them you don't shake hands with them; dine with them at your table; and meet them at their own? Depend upon it, in the time when there were real live ogres in real caverns or castles, gobbling up real knights and virgins—when they went into the world—the neighbouring market-town, let us say, or earl's castle; though their

nature and reputation were pretty well known, their notorious foibles were never alluded to. You would say, 'What, Blunderbore, my boy! How do you do? How well and fresh you look! What's the receipt you have for keeping so young and rosy?' And your wife would softly ask after Mrs. Blunderbore and the dear children. Or it would be, 'My dear Humguffin! try that pork. It is home-bred, home-fed, and, I promise you, tender. Tell me if you think it is as good as yours? John, a glass of burgundy to Colonel Humguffin!' You don't suppose there would be any unpleasant allusions to disagreeable home-reports regarding Humguffin's manner of furnishing his larder? I say we all of us know ogres. We shake hands and dine with ogres. And if convenient moralists tell us we are cowards for our pains, we turn round with a *tu quoque*, or say that we don't meddle with other folk's affairs; that people are much less black than they are painted, and so on. What? Won't half the county go to Ogreham Castle? Won't some of the clergy say grace at dinner? Won't the mothers bring their daughters to dance with the young Rawheads? And if Lady Ogreham happens to die—I won't say to go the way of all flesh, that is too revolting—I say if Ogreham is a widower, do you aver, on your conscience and honour, that mothers will not be found to offer their young girls to supply the lamented lady's place? How stale this misanthropy is! Something must have disagreed with this cynic. Yes, my good woman. I dare say you would like to call another subject. Yes, my fine fellow; ogre at home, supple as a dancing-master abroad, and shaking in thy pumps, and wearing a horrible grin of sham gaiety to conceal thy terror, lest I should point thee out:—thou art prosperous

and honoured, art thou? I say thou hast been a tyrant and a robber. Thou has plundered the poor. Thou hast bullied the weak. Thou hast laid violent hands on the goods of the innocent and confiding. Thou hast made a prey of the meek and gentle who asked for thy protection. Thou hast been hard to thy kinsfolk, and cruel to thy family. Go, monster! Ah, when shall little Jack come and drill daylight through thy wicked cannibal carcass? I see the ogre pass on, bowing right and left to the company; and he gives a dreadful sidelong glance of suspicion as he is talking to my lord bishop in the corner there.

Ogres in our days need not be giants at all. In former times, and in children's books, where it is necessary to paint your moral in such large letters that there can be no mistake about it, ogres are made with that enormous mouth and *ratelier* which you know of, and with which they can swallow down a baby, almost without using that great knife which they always carry. They are too cunning nowadays. They go about in society, slim, small, quietly dressed, and showing no especially great appetite. In my own young days there used to be play ogres—men who would devour a young fellow in one sitting, and leave him without a bit of flesh on his bones. They were quiet, gentlemanlike-looking people. They got the young fellow into their cave. Champagne, pâté de foie gras, and numberless good things were handed about; and then, having eaten, the young man was devoured in his turn. I believe these card and dice ogres have died away almost as entirely as the hasty-pudding giants whom Tom Thumb overcame. Now, there are ogres in City courts who lure you into their dens. About our Cornish mines I am told there are many most

plausible ogres, who tempt you into their caverns and pick your bones there. In a certain newspaper there used to be lately a whole column of advertisements from ogres who would put on the most plausible, nay, piteous appearance, in order to inveigle their victims. You would read, 'A tradesman, established for seventy years in the City, and known, and much respected by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Baring Brothers, has pressing need for three pounds until next Saturday. He can give security for half a million, and forty thousand pounds will be given for the use of the loan,' and so on; or, 'An influential body of capitalists are about to establish a company, of which the business will be enormous and the profits proportionately prodigious. They will require A SECRETARY, of good address and appearance, at a salary of two thousand per annum. He need not be able to write, but address and manners are absolutely necessary. As a mark of confidence in the company, he will have to deposit,' &c.; or, 'A young widow (of pleasing manners and appearance) who has a pressing necessity for four pounds ten for three weeks, offers her Erard's grand piano valued at three hundred guineas; a diamond cross of eight hundred pounds; and board and lodging in her elegant villa near Banbury Cross, with the best references and society, in return for the loan.' I suspect these people are ogres. There are ogres and ogres. Polyphemus was a great, tall, one-eyed, notorious ogre, fetching his victims out of a hole, and gobbling them one after another. There could be no mistake about *him*. But so were the Sirens ogres—pretty blue-eyed things, peeping at you coaxingly from out of the water, and singing their melodious wheedles. And the bones round their caves were more numerous than the

ribs, skulls, and thighbones round the cavern of hulking Polypheme.

To the castle-gates of some of these monsters up rides the dapper champion of the pen; puffs boldly upon the horn which hangs by the chain; enters the hall resolutely, and challenges the big tyrant sulking within. We defy him to combat, the enormous roaring ruffian! We give him a meeting on the green plain before his castle. Green? No wonder it should be green: it is manured with human bones. After a few graceful wheels and curvets, we take our ground. We stoop over our saddle. 'Tis but to kiss the locket of our lady-love's hair. And now the vizor is up: the lance is in rest (Gillott's iron is the point for me). A touch of the spur in the gallant sides of Pegasus, and we gallop at the great brute.

'Cut off his ugly head, Flibbertygibbet, my squire!' And who are these who pour out of the castle? the imprisoned maidens, the maltreated widows, the poor old hoary grandfathers, who have been locked up in the dungeons these scores and scores of years, writhing under the tyranny of that ruffian! Ah! ye knights of the pen! May honour be your shield and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

1818-1894

A Siding at a Railway Station

SOME years ago I was travelling by railway, no matter whence or whither. I was in a second-class carriage. We had been long on the road, and had still some distance before us, when one evening our journey was brought unexpectedly to an end by the train running into a siding. The guards opened the doors, we were told that we could proceed no farther, and were required to alight. The passengers were numerous, and of all ranks and sorts. There were third class, second, first, with saloon carriages for several great persons of high distinction. We had ministers of state, judges on circuit, directors, leading men of business, idle young men of family who were out amusing themselves, an archbishop, several ladies, and a duke and duchess with their suite. These favoured travellers had Pullman cars to themselves and occupied as much room as was allotted to scores of plebeians. I had amused myself for several days in observing the luxurious appurtenances by which they were protected against discomfort—the piles of cushions and cloaks, the baskets of dainties, the novels and magazines to pass away the time, and the profound attention which they met with from the conductors and station-masters on the line. The rest of us were a miscellaneous crowd—commercial people, lawyers, artists, men of letters, tourists moving about for pleasure or because they had nothing to do; and in the third-class carriages, artisans and labourers in search of work, women

looking for husbands or for service, or beggars flying from starvation in one part of the world to find it follow them like their shadows, let them go where they pleased. All these were huddled together, feeding hardly on such poor provisions as they carried with them or could pick up at the stopping-places. No more consideration was shown them than if they had been so many cattle. But they were merry enough; songs and sounds of laughter came from their windows, and notwithstanding all their conveniences, the languid-looking fine people in the large compartments seemed to me to get through their journey with less enjoyment after all than their poor fellow travellers. These last appeared to be of tougher texture, to care less for being jolted and shaken, to be better-humoured and kinder to one another. They had found life go hard with them wherever they had been, and not being accustomed to have everything which they wished for, they were less selfish and more considerate.

The intimation that our journey was for the present at an end came on most of us as an unpleasant surprise. The grandees got out in a high state of indignation. They called for their servants, but their servants did not hear them, or laughed and passed on. The conductors had forgotten to be obsequious. All classes on the platform were suddenly on a level. A beggar-woman hustled the duchess as she was standing astonished because her maid had left her to carry her own bag. The patricians were pushed about among the crowd with no more concern than if they had been common mortals. They demanded loudly to see the station-master. The minister complained angrily of the delay; an important negotiation would be imperilled by his

detention, and he threatened the company with the displeasure of his department. A consequential youth who had just heard of the death of his elder brother was flying home to take his inheritance. A great lady had secured, as she had hoped, a brilliant match for her daughter; her work over, she had been at the baths to recover from the dissipation of the season; difficulty had risen unlooked for, and unless she was at hand to remove it, the worst consequences might be feared. A banker declared that the credit of a leading commercial house might fail unless he could be at home on the day fixed for his return: he alone could save it. A solicitor had the evidence in his portmanteau which would determine the succession to the lands and title of an ancient family. An elderly gentleman was in despair about his young wife, whom he had left at home; he had made a will by which she was to lose his fortune if she married again after his death, but the will was lying in his desk unsigned. The archbishop was on his way to a synod where the great question was to be discussed whether gas might be used at the altar instead of candles. The altar candles were blessed before they were used, and the doubt was whether gas could be blessed. The right reverend prelate conceived that if the gas tubes were made in the shape of candles the difficulty could be got over, but he feared that without his moderating influence the majority might come to a rash decision. All these persons were clamouring over their various anxieties with the most naïve frankness, the truth coming freely out whatever it might be. One distinguished-looking lady in deep mourning, with a sad gentle face, alone was resigned and hopeful. It seemed that her husband had been stopped not long before at the same

station. She thought it possible that she might meet him again.

The station-master listened to the complaints with composed indifference. He told the loudest that they need not alarm themselves. The State would survive the absence of the minister. The minister, in fact, was not thinking of the State at all, but of the party triumph which he expected; and the peerage which was to be his reward, the station-master said would now be of no use to him. The youth had a second brother who would succeed instead of him, and the tenants would not be inconvenienced by the change. The fine lady's daughter would marry to her own liking instead of her mother's, and would be all the happier for it. The commercial house was already insolvent, and the longer it lasted the more innocent people would be ruined by it. The boy whom the lawyer intended to make into a rich baronet was now working industriously at school, and would grow up a useful man. If a great estate fell in to him he would be idle and dissolute. The old man might congratulate himself that he had escaped so soon from the scrape into which he had fallen. His wife would marry an adventurer, and would suffer worse from inheriting his fortune. The archbishop was commended for his anxiety. His solution of the candle problem was no doubt an excellent one; but his clergy were now provided with a harmless subject to quarrel over, and if it was adopted they might fall out over something else which might be seriously mischievous.

'Do you mean, then, that you are not going to send us forward at all?' the minister inquired sternly.

'You will see,' the station-master answered with a

curious short laugh. I observed that he looked more gently at the lady in mourning. She had said nothing, but he knew what was in her mind, and though he held out no hope in words that her wish would be gratified, he smiled sadly, and the irony passed out of his face.

The crowd, meanwhile, were standing about the platform whistling tunes or amusing themselves, not ill-naturedly, at the distress of their grand companions. Something considerable was happening. But they had so long experienced the ups and downs of things that they were prepared for what fortune might send. They had not expected to find a Paradise where they were going, and one place might be as good as another. They had nothing belonging to them except the clothes they stood in and their bits of skill in their different trades. Wherever men were, there would be need of cobblers and tailors, and smiths and carpenters. If not, they might fall on their feet somehow if there was work to be done of any sort.

Presently a bell rang, a door was flung open, and we were ordered into a waiting-room, where we were told that our luggage was to be examined. It was a large barely furnished apartment, like the *salle d'attente* at the Northern Railway Station at Paris. A rail ran across, behind which we were all penned; opposite to us was the usual long table, on which were piled boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, and behind them stood a row of officials, in a plain uniform with gold bands round their caps, and the dry peremptory manner which passengers accustomed to deference so particularly dislike. At their backs was a screen extending across the room, reaching half-way to the ceiling; in the rear of it there was apparently an office.

We each looked to see that our particular belongings were safe, but we were surprised to find that we could recognize none of them. Packages there were in plenty, alleged to be the property of the passengers who had come in by train. They were arranged in the three classes—first, second, and third—but the proportions were inverted: most of it was labelled as the luggage of the travellers in fustian, who had brought nothing with them but what they carried in their hands; a moderate heap stood where the second-class luggage should have been, and some of superior quality, but none of us could make out the shape of our own trunks. As to the grand ladies and gentlemen, the innumerable articles which I had seen put as theirs into the van were nowhere to be found. A few shawls and cloaks lay upon the planks, and that was all. There was a loud outcry, but the officials were accustomed to it, and took no notice. The station-master, who was still in charge of us, said briefly that the saloon luggage would be sent forward in the next train. The late owners would have no more use for it, and it would be delivered to their friends.

The late owners! Were we no longer actual owners, then? My individual loss was not great, and, besides, it might be made up to me, for I saw my name on a strange box on the table, and being of curious disposition, the singularity of the adventure made it interesting to me. The consternation of the rest was indescribable. The minister supposed that he had fallen among Communists, who disbelieved in property, and was beginning a speech on the elementary conditions of society, when silence was called, and the third-class passengers were called to advance,

that their boxes might be opened. Each man had his own carefully docketed. The lids flew off, and within, instead of clothes and shoes and dressing apparatus and money and jewels and such like, were simply samples of the work which he had done in his life. There was an account-book also, in which was entered the number of days which he had worked, the number and size of the fields, &c., which he had drained and enclosed and ploughed, the crops which he had reaped, the walls which he had built, the metal which he had dug out and smelted and fashioned into articles of use to mankind, the leather which he had tanned, the clothes which he had woven—all entered with punctual exactness; and on the opposite page, the wages which he had received, and the share which had been allotted to him of the good things which he had helped to create.

Besides his work, so specifically called, there were his actions—his affection for his parents, or his wife and children, his self-denials, his charities, his purity, his truth, his honesty, or, it might be, ugly catalogues of sins and oaths and drunkenness and brutality. But inquiry into action was reserved for a second investigation before a higher commissioner. The first examination was confined to the literal work done by each man for the general good—how much he had contributed, and how much society had done for him in return; and no one, it seemed, could be allowed to go any farther without a certificate of having passed this test satisfactorily. With the workmen, the balance in most instances was found enormously in their favour. The state of the case was so clear that the scrutiny was rapidly got over, and they and their luggage were passed in to the higher court. A few were found whose

boxes were empty, who had done nothing useful all their lives, and had subsisted by begging and stealing. These were ordered to stand aside till the rest of us had been disposed of.

The saloon passengers were taken next. Most of them, who had nothing at all to show, were called up together, and were asked what they had to say for themselves. A well-dressed gentleman who spoke for the rest, said that the whole investigation was a mystery to him. He and his friends had been born to good fortunes, and had found themselves on entering upon life, amply provided for. They had never been told that work was required of them, either work with their hands or work with their heads—in fact, work of any kind. It was right, of course, for the poor to work, because they could not honestly live otherwise. For themselves, they had spent their time in amusements, generally innocent. They had paid for everything which they had consumed. They had stolen nothing, taken nothing from any man by violence or fraud. They had kept the commandments, all ten of them, from the time they were old enough to understand them. The speaker, at least, declared that he had no breach of any commandment on his own conscience, and he believed he might say as much of his companions. They were superior people, who had been always looked up to and well spoken of, and to call upon them to show what they had done was against reason and equity.

‘Gentlemen,’ said the chief official, ‘we have heard this many times; yet as often as it is repeated we feel fresh astonishment. You have been in a world where work is the condition of life. Not a meal can be had by any man

that some one has not worked to produce. Those who work deserve to eat; those who do not work deserve to starve. There are but three ways of living: by working, by stealing, or by begging. Those who have not lived by the first have lived by one of the other two. And no matter how superior you think yourselves, you will not pass here till you have something of your own to produce. You have had your wages beforehand—ample wages, as you acknowledge yourselves. What have you to show?’

‘Wages!’ the speaker said. ‘We are not hired servants; we received no wages. What we spent was our own. All the orders we received were that we were not to do wrong. We have done no wrong. I appeal to the higher court.’

But the appeal could not be received. To all who presented themselves with empty boxes, no matter who they were, or how excellent their characters appeared to one another, there was the irrevocable answer, ‘No admittance, till you come better furnished.’ All who were in this condition, the duke and duchess among them, were ordered to stand aside with the thieves. The duchess declared that she had given the finest parties in the season, and as it was universally agreed that they had been the most tedious, and that no one had found any pleasure there, a momentary doubt rose whether they might not have answered some useful purpose in disgusting people with such modes of entertainment; but no evidence of this was forthcoming: the world had attended them because the world had nothing else to do; and she and her guests had been alike unprofitable. Thus the large majority of the saloon passengers was disposed of. The minister, the archbishop, the lawyer, the banker, and others, who, although they had no material

work credited to them, had yet been active and laborious in their different callings, were passed to the superior judges.

Our turn came next—ours of the second class—and a motley gathering we were. Busy we must all have been, from the multitude of articles which we found assigned to us. Manufacturers with their wares, solicitors with their lawsuits, doctors and clergymen with the bodies and souls which they had saved or lost, authors with their books, painters and sculptors with their pictures and statues. But the hard test was applied to all that we had produced—the wages which we had received on one side, and the value of our exertions to mankind on the other—and imposing as our performances looked when laid out to be examined, we had been paid, most of us, out of all proportion to what we were found to have deserved. I was reminded of a large compartment in the Paris Exhibition where an active gentleman, wishing to show the state of English literature, had collected copies of every book, review, pamphlet, or newspaper which had been published in a single year. The bulk was overwhelming, but the figures were only decimal points, and the worth of the whole was a fraction above zero. A few of us were turned back summarily among the thieves and the fine gentlemen and ladies—speculators who had done nothing but handle money which had clung to their fingers in passing through them, divines who had preached a morality which they did not practise, and fluent orators who had made speeches which they knew to be nonsense, philosophers who had spun out of moonshine systems of the universe, distinguished pleaders who had defeated justice while they established points of law, writers of books upon subjects of which they knew enough to

mislead their readers, purveyors of luxuries which had added nothing to human health or strength, physicians and apothecaries who had pretended to knowledge which they knew that they did not possess,—these all, as the contents of their boxes bore witness against them, were thrust back into the rejected herd.

There were some whose account stood better as having at least produced something of real merit, but they were cast on the point of wages; modest excellence had come badly off; the plausible and unscrupulous had thriven and grown rich. It was tragical, and evidently a surprise to most of us, to see how mendacious we had been: how we had sanded our sugar, watered our milk, scamped our carpentering and mason's work, literally and metaphorically; how in all things we had been thinking less of producing good work than of the profit which we could make out of it; how we had sold ourselves to tell lies and act them, because the public found lies pleasant and truth expensive and troublesome. Some of us were manifest rogues who had bought cheap and sold dear, had used false measures and weights, had made cotton pass for wool, and hemp for silk, and tin for silver. The American pedlar happened to be in a party who had put a rind upon a grindstone and had sold it as a cheese. These were promptly sifted out and placed with their fellows; only persons whose services were on the whole greater than the pay which they had received were allowed their certificates. When my own box was opened, I perceived that though the wages had been small the work done seemed smaller still, and I was surprised to find myself among those who had passed.

The whistle of a train was heard at this moment coming

in upon the main line. It was to go on in half an hour, and those who had been turned back were told that they were to proceed by it to the place where they had been originally going. They looked infinitely relieved at the news; but, before they started, a few questions had to be put to them, and a few alterations made which were to affect their future. They were asked to explain how they had come to be such worthless creatures. They gave many answers, which came mainly to the same thing. Circumstances had been against them. It was all owing to circumstances. They had been badly brought up. They had been placed in situations where it had been impossible to do better. The rich people repeated that they had never been informed that any work was expected of them. Their wants had all been provided for, and it was unfair to expect that they should have exerted themselves of their own accord when they had no motive for working. If they had only been born poor all would have gone well with them. The cheating tradesman declared that the first duty of a shopkeeper, according to all received principles, was to make money and better his condition. It was the buyer's business to see to the quality of the articles which he purchased; the shopkeeper was entitled to sell his wares at the highest price which he could get for them. So, at least, it was believed and taught by the recognized authorities on the subject. The orators, preachers, newspaper writers, novel writers, &c. &c., of whom there were a great many, appealed to the crowds who came to listen to them or bought and read their productions. *Tout le monde*, it was said, was wiser than the wisest single sage. They had given the world what the world wished for and approved; they had worked at

supplying it with all their might, and it was extremely hard to blame them for guiding themselves by the world's judgement. The thieves and vagabonds argued that they had been brought into existence without their consent being asked: they had not wished for it; although they had not been without their pleasures, they regarded existence on the whole as a nuisance which they would gladly have been spared. Being alive, however, they had to keep alive; and for all that they could see, they had as full a right to the good things which the world contained as anybody else, provided they could get them. They were called thieves. Law and language were made by the property owners, who were their natural enemies. If society had given them the means of living honestly they would have found it easy to be honest. Society had done nothing for them—why should they do anything for society?

So, in their various ways, those who had been 'plucked' defended themselves. They were all delighted to hear that they were to have another chance; and I was amused to observe that though some of them had pretended that they had not wished to be born, and had rather not have been born, not one of them protested against being sent back. All they asked was that they should be put in a new position, and that the adverse influences should be taken off. I expected that among these adverse influences they would have mentioned the faults of their own dispositions. My own opinion had been that half the misdoings of men came from congenital defects of character which they had brought with them into the world, and that constitutional courage, right-mindedness, and practical ability were as much gifts of nature or circumstance as the accidents of

fortune. A change in this respect was of more consequence than in any other. But with themselves they were all apparently satisfied, and they required only an improvement in their surroundings. The alterations were rapidly made. The duchess was sent to begin her life again in a labourer's cottage. She was to attend the village school, and rise thence into a housemaid. The fine gentleman was made a ploughboy. The authors and preachers were to become mechanics, and bound apprentices to carpenters and blacksmiths. A philosopher who, having had a good fortune and unbroken health, had insisted that the world was as good as it could be made, was to be born blind and paralytic, and to find his way through life under the new conditions. The thieves and cheats, who pretended that their misdemeanours were due to poverty, were to find themselves, when they arrived in the world again, in palaces surrounded with luxury. The cup of Lethe was sent round. The past became a blank. They were hurried into the train; the engine screamed and flew away with them.

'They will be all here again in a few years,' the station-master said, 'and it will be the same story over again. I have had these very people in my hands a dozen times. They have been tried in all positions, and there is still nothing to show, and nothing but complaints of circumstances. For my part I would put them out altogether.' 'How long is it to last?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'it does not depend on me. No one passes here who cannot prove that he has lived to some purpose. Some of the worst I have known made at last into pigs and geese, to be fattened up and eaten, and made of use in that way. Others have become asses, condemned to carry burdens, to be beaten with sticks, and to breed

asses like themselves for a hundred generations. All animated creatures tend to take the shape at last which suits their character.'

The train was scarcely out of sight when again the bell rang. The scene changed as at a theatre. The screen was rolled back, and we who were left found ourselves in the presence of four grave-looking persons like the board of examiners whom we remembered at college. We were called up one by one. The work which had passed the first ordeal was again looked into, and the quality of it compared with the talent or faculty of the producer, to see how far he had done his best; whether anywhere he had done worse than he might have done and knew how to have done; while besides, in a separate collection, were the vices, the sins, the selfishnesses and ill-humours, with, in the other scale, the acts of personal duty, of love and kindness and charity, which had increased the happiness or lightened the sorrows of those connected with him. These last, I observed, had generally been forgotten by the owner, who saw them appear with surprise, and even repudiated them with protest. In the work, of course, both material and moral, there was every gradation both of kind and merit. But while nothing was absolutely worthless, everything, even the highest achievements of the greatest artist or the greatest saint, fell short of absolute perfection. Each of us saw our own performances, from our first ignorant beginnings to what we regarded as our greatest triumph; and it was easy to trace how much of our faults were due to natural deficiencies and the necessary failures of inexperience, and how much to self-will or vanity or idleness. Some taint of mean motives, too, some desire of reward, desire of praise

or honour or wealth, some foolish self-satisfaction, when satisfaction ought not to have been felt, was to be seen infecting everything, even the very best which was presented for scrutiny.

So plain was this that one of us, an earnest, impressive-looking person, whose own work bore inspection better than that of most of us, exclaimed passionately that, so far as he was concerned, the examiners might spare their labour. From his earliest years he had known what he ought to do, and in no instance had he ever completely done it. He had struggled; he had conquered his grosser faults; but the farther he had gone, and the better he had been able to do, his knowledge had still grown faster than his power of acting upon it; and every additional day that he had lived, his shortcomings had become more miserably plain to him. Even if he could have reached perfection at last, he could not undo the past, and the faults of his youth would bear witness against him and call for his condemnation. Therefore, he said, he abhorred himself. He had no merit which could entitle him to look for favour. He had laboured on to the end, but he had laboured with a full knowledge that the best which he could offer would be unworthy of acceptance. He had been told, and he believed, that a high spirit, not subject to infirmity, had done his work for him, and done it perfectly, and that if he abandoned all claim on his own account, he might be accepted for the sake of what another had done. This, he trusted, was true, and it was his sole dependence. In the so-called good actions with which he seemed to be credited, there was nothing that was really good; there was not one which was altogether what it ought to have been.

He was evidently sincere, and what he said was undoubtedly true—true of him and true of every one. Even in the vehemence of his self-abandonment a trace lingered of the taint which he was confessing, for he was a polemical divine; he had spent his life and gained a reputation in maintaining this particular doctrine. He believed it, but he had not forgotten that he had been himself its champion.

The examiner looked kindly at him; but answered, 'We do not expect impossibilities; and we do not blame you when you have not accomplished what is beyond your strength. Only those who are themselves perfect can do anything perfectly. Human beings are born ignorant and helpless. They bring into the world with them a disposition to seek what is pleasant to themselves, and what is pleasant is not always right. They learn to live as they learn everything else. At first they cannot do rightly at all. They improve under teaching and practice. The best only arrive at excellence. We do not find fault with the painter on account of his first bad copies if they were as good as could be looked for at his age. Every craftsman acquires his art by degrees. He begins badly; he cannot help it; and it is the same with life. You learn to walk by falling down. You learn to live by going wrong and experiencing the consequences of it. We do not record against a man "the sins of his youth" if he has been honestly trying to improve himself. We do not require the same self-control in a child as in a man. We do not require the same attainments from all. Some are well taught, some are ill taught, some are not taught at all. Some have naturally good dispositions, some have naturally bad dispositions. Not one has had power "to fulfil the law", as you call it, completely. Therefore, it is

no crime in him if he fails. We reckon as faults those only which arise from idleness, wilfulness, selfishness, and deliberate preference of evil to good. Each is judged according to what he has received.'

I was amused to observe how pleased the archbishop looked while the examiner was speaking. He had himself been engaged in controversy with this gentleman on the share of 'good works' in justifying a man, and if the examiner had not taken his side in the discussion he had at least demolished his adversary. The archbishop had been the more disinterested in the line which he had taken, as his own 'works', though in several large folios, weighed extremely little; and, indeed, had it not been for passages in his early life—he had starved himself at college that he might not be a burden upon his widowed mother—I do not know but that he might have been sent back into the world to serve as a parish clerk.

For myself, there were questions which I was longing to ask, and I was trying to collect my courage to speak. I wanted chiefly to know what the examiner meant by 'natural disposition'. Was it that a man might be born with a natural capacity for becoming a saint, as another man with a capacity to become a great artist or musician, and that each of us could only grow to the limits of his natural powers? and, again, were idleness, wilfulness, &c. &c., natural dispositions?—for in that case——

But at the moment the bell rang again and my own name was called. There was no occasion to ask who I was. In every instance the identity of the person, his history, small or large, and all that he had said or done, was placed before the court so clearly that there was no need for

extorting a confession. There stood the catalogue inexorably impartial, the bad actions in a schedule painfully large, the few good actions veined with personal motives which spoilt the best of them. In the way of work there was nothing to be shown but certain books and other writings, and these were spread out to be tested. A fluid was poured on the pages, the effect of which was to obliterate entirely every untrue proposition, and to make every partially true proposition grow faint in proportion to the false element which entered into it. Alas! chapter after chapter vanished away, leaving the paper clean as if no compositor had ever laboured in setting type for it. Pale and illegible became the fine-sounding paragraphs on which I had secretly prided myself. A few passages, however, survived here and there at long intervals. They were those on which I had laboured least and had almost forgotten, or those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals. Something stood to my credit, and the worst charge of wilfully and intentionally setting down what I did not believe to be true was not alleged against me. Ignorance, prejudice, carelessness; sins of infirmity—culpable indeed, but not culpable in the last degree; the water in the ink, the commonplaces, the ineffectual sentiments; these, to my unspeakable comfort, I perceived were my heaviest crimes. Had I been accused of absolute worthlessness, I should have pleaded guilty in the state of humiliation to which I was reduced; but things were better than they might have been. I was flattering myself that when it came to the wages question, the balance would be in my favour: so many years of labour—such and such cheques received

from my publisher. Here, at least, I held myself safe, and I was in good hope that I might scrape through. The examiner was good-natured in his manner. A reviewer who had been listening for my condemnation was beginning to look disgusted, when suddenly one of the walls of the court became transparent, and there appeared an interminable vista of creatures—creatures of all kinds from land and water, reaching away into the extreme distance. They were those which in the course of my life I had devoured, either in part or whole, to sustain my unconscionable carcass. There they stood in lines with solemn and reproachful faces—oxen and calves, sheep and lambs, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, pheasants, grouse, and partridges, down to the larks and sparrows and black-birds, which I had shot when a boy and made into puddings. Every one of them had come up to bear witness against their murderer; out of sea and river had come the trout and salmon, the soles and turbot, the ling and cod, the whiting and mackerel, the smelts and whitebait, the oysters, the crabs, the lobsters, the shrimps. They seemed literally to be in millions, and I had eaten them all. I talked of wages. These had been my wages. At this enormous cost had my existence been maintained. A stag spoke for the rest. 'We all', he said, 'were sacrificed to keep this cormorant in being, and to enable him to produce the miserable bits of printed paper which are all that he has to show for himself. Our lives were dear to us. In meadow and wood, in air and water, we wandered harmless and innocent, enjoying the pleasant sunlight, the light of heaven and the sparkling waves; we were not worth much; we have no pretensions to high qualities. If the person who

stands here to answer for himself can affirm that his value in the universe was equivalent to the value of all of us who were sacrificed to feed him, we have no more to say. Let it be so pronounced. We shall look at our numbers, and we shall wonder at the judgement, though we shall withdraw our complaint. But for ourselves we say freely that we have long watched him—him and his fellows—and we have failed to see in what the superiority of the human creature lies. We know him only as the most cunning, the most destructive, and, unhappily, the longest-lived of all carnivorous beasts. His delight is in killing. Even when his hunger is satisfied he kills us for his mere amusement.’

The oxen lowed approval, the sheep bleated, the birds screamed, the fishes flapped their tails. I, for myself, stood mute and self-condemned. What answer but one was possible? Had I been myself on the bench I could not have hesitated. The fatal sentence of condemnation was evidently about to be uttered when the scene became indistinct, there was a confused noise, a change of condition, a sound of running feet and of many voices. I awoke; I was again in the railway carriage; the door was thrown open; porters entered to take our things. We stepped out upon the platform. We were at the terminus for which we had been originally destined. Carriages and cabs were waiting; tall, powdered footmen flew to the assistance of the duke and duchess. The station-master was standing hat in hand and obsequiously bowing; the minister’s private secretary had come to meet his right honourable chief with the red dispatch-box, knowing the impatience with which it was waited for. The duke shook hands with the archbishop before he drove away. ‘Dine with us to-morrow?’

he said. 'I have had a very singular dream. You shall be my Daniel and interpret it for me.' The archbishop regretted infinitely that he must deny himself the honour; his presence was required at the Conference. 'I, too, have dreamt,' he said; 'but with your Grace and me the realities of this world are too serious to leave us leisure for the freaks of imagination.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

I take up the Cudgels for Our Beloved Country

Grub Street, November 25, 1870.

Sir,—

I KNOW by experience how hard it is to get my bald, disjointed chat, as Arminius calls it, into the newspapers in these stirring times, and that was why I did not attempt to complain of that extraordinary effusion of his which you published in August last. He must have written that letter, with its unhandsome remarks at my expense, just after I had parted with him at his lodgings in Chequer Alley, with expressions of the tenderest concern, before he went off to the war. Since then, I have discovered that he had referred nearly all his tradespeople to me for payment; I am daily besieged in my garret by his tobacconist, and when I get out, the street is made quite intolerable to me by the violence of his washerwoman, though I am sure Arminius, like all foreigners, always gave his washerwoman as little as possible. These things have nettled me a good deal; and now there comes this new letter of his from Paris, in which,

besides totally uncalled-for sneers at Mr. Bottles and me, Arminius indulges in an outrageous attack on my country and her behaviour in this Russian business. I have kept silence for a few days to make sure of being perfectly cool; but now, Sir, I do hope you will give me space for a few lines in reply to him.

About the Russian note I disagree with Arminius *in toto*. I go thoroughly along with Lord Shaftesbury, whose admirable letter to *The Times* proves, what I have always thought, how unjust Arminius is in denying ideas to the British aristocracy. A treaty is a promise,—so I read Lord Shaftesbury's argument; men should keep their promises; if bad men will not, good men must compel them.

It is singular, Sir, but in my immediate neighbourhood here in Cripplegate we have lately had a case which exactly illustrates the Russian difficulty, and bears out Lord Shaftesbury's argument. We all do our marketing in Whitecross Street; and in Whitecross Street is a famous tripe-shop which I always visit before entertaining Arminius, who, like all North Germans, and like our own celebrated Dr. Johnson, is a very gross feeder. Two powerful labourers, who lodge like Arminius in Chequer Alley, and who never could abide one another, used to meet at this tripe-shop and quarrel till it became manifest that the shop could not stand two such customers together, and that one of the couple must give up going there. The fellows' names were Mike and Dennis; it was generally thought the chief blame in the quarrel lay with Mike, who was at any rate much the less plausible man of the two, besides being greatly the bigger. However that may be, the excellent City Missionary in this quarter, the Rev.

J-hn B-ll (I forbear to write his name at length for fear of bringing a blush to his worthy cheek), took Dennis's part in the matter. He and Dennis set both together upon Mike, and got the best of him. It was Dennis who appeared to do the most in the set-to; at all events, he got the whole credit, although I have heard the Rev. *J-hn B-ll* (who was undoubtedly a formidable fellow in his old unregenerate days) describe at tea in the Mission Room how he got his stick between Mike's legs at all the critical moments; how he felt fresher and stronger when the fight ended than when it began; and how his behaviour had somehow the effect of leaving on the bystanders' minds an impression immensely to his advantage. What is quite certain is, that not only did our reverend friend take part in the engagement, but that also, before, during, and after the struggle, his exhortations and admonitions to Mike, Dennis, the bystanders, and himself, never ceased, and were most edifying. Mike finally, as I said, had to give in, and he was obliged to make a solemn promise to Dennis and the City Missionary that he would use the tripe-shop no more. On this condition a treaty was patched up, and peace reigned in Cripplegate.

• And now, Sir, comes the startling point of resemblance to the present Russian difficulty. A great big hulking German, called Fritz, has been for some time taking a lead in our neighbourhood, and carrying his head a great deal higher in Whitecross Street Market than Dennis liked. At last Dennis could stand it no longer; he picked a quarrel with Fritz, and they had a battle-royal to prove which was master. In this encounter our City Missionary took no part, though he bestowed, as usual, on both sides good

advice and beautiful sentiments in abundance. Dennis had no luck this time; he got horribly belaboured, and now lies confined to his bed at his lodgings, almost past praying for. But what do you think has been Mike's conduct at this juncture? Seeing Dennis disabled, he addressed to the City Missionary an indecent scrawl, couched in language with which I will not sully your pages, to the effect that the tripe-shop lay handy to his door (which is true enough); and that use it he needs must, and use it he would, in spite of all the Rev. *J-hn B-ll* might say or do to stop him.

The feelings, Sir, of the worthy Missionary at this communication may be easier imagined than described. He launched at Mike the most indignant moral rebuke; the brute put his thumb to his nose. To get Mike out of the tripe-shop there is nothing left but physical force. Yet how is our estimable friend to proceed? Years of outpouring, since he has been engaged in mission-work, have somewhat damaged his wind; the hospitalities of the more serious-minded citizens of Cripple-gate to a man in his position have been, I hope, what they should be; there are apprehensions, if violent exercise is taken, of gout in the stomach. Dennis can do nothing; what is worse, Fritz has been seen to wink his eye at Mike in a way to beget grave suspicion that the ruffians have a secret compact together. The general feeling in Cripple-gate is that nothing much can be done, and that Mike must be allowed to resort again to the tripe-shop.

But I ask you, Sir, is this morally defensible? Is it right? Is it honest? Has not Lord Shaftesbury's English heart (if it is not presumptuous in me to speak thus of a person in his lordship's position) guided him true in the

precisely similar case of Russia? A treaty is a promise, and we have a moral right to demand that promises shall be kept. If Mike wanted to use the tripe-shop, he should have waited till Dennis was about again and could talk things over with the City Missionary, and then, perhaps, the two might have been found willing to absolve Mike from his promise. His present conduct is inexcusable; the only comfort is that the Rev. *J-hn B-ll* has a faithful press still to back him, and that Mike is being subjected to a fearful daily castigation in the columns of the *Band of Hope Review*.

Therefore, Sir, as to Russia I emphatically think Arminius wrong. His sneers at my zeal for the grand principles of liberty and publicity I have hardly left myself space to notice. But, Sir, I do believe, with Mr. Bright, that the great function committed by Providence to our English-speaking race is 'the assertion of personal liberty'. If this be an error, I would rather, I own, err with Mr. Bright than be right with Von Thunder-ten-Tronckh. I know Von T. maintains that we so intently pursue liberty and publicity as quite to neglect wisdom and virtue; for which alone, he says, liberty and publicity are worth having. But I will ask him, Sir, have we ever given liberty and publicity a full trial? Take liberty. The Lord Chancellor has, indeed, provided for Mr. Beales, and it is whispered that Colonel Dickson will have a high command in the approaching Russian war;—*but why is Mr. Bradlaugh not yet a Dean?* These, Sir, are the omissions, these the failures to carry into full effect our own great principles, which drive earnest Liberals to despair!

Again, take the principle of publicity. Arminius (who,

as an observer of manners, attended the proceedings in the Mordaunt case, and again in the Park and Boulton case, with unflagging assiduity) has said to me scores of times:— ‘By shooting all this garbage on your public, you are preparing and assuring for your English people an immorality as deep and wide as that which destroys the Latin nations.’ What is my reply? That we have never yet given publicity a fair trial. It is true, when a member of Parliament wanted to abridge the publicity given to the Mordaunt case, the Government earnestly reminded him that it had been the solemn decision of the House of Commons that all the proceedings of the Divorce Court should be open as the day. It is true, when there was a suggestion to hear the Boulton and Park case in private, the upright magistrate who was appealed to said firmly that he could never trifle with the public mind in that manner. All this was as it should be; so far, so good. But was the publicity thus secured for these cases perfectly full and entire? Were there not some places which the details did not reach? There were few, but there were some. And this while the Government has an organ of its own, the *London Gazette*, dull, high-priced, and of comparatively limited circulation. I say, make the price of the *London Gazette* a halfpenny; change its name to the *London Gazette and Divorce Intelligencer*; let it include, besides divorce news, all cases whatever that have an interest of the same nature for the public mind; distribute it *gratis* to mechanics’ institutes, workmen’s halls, seminaries for the young (these latter more especially);—and then you will be giving the principle of publicity a full trial. This is what I often say to Arminius; and, when he looks astounded, I reassure him with a sentence which, I know

very well, the moment I make it public, will be stolen by all the Liberal newspapers. But it is getting near Christmas-time, and I do not mind making them a present of it. It is this:—*The spear of freedom, like that of Achilles, has the power to heal the wounds which itself makes!*

This Arminius can never answer; and, badly as he has treated me, my heart relents to think of the stupefied face I have often seen him with at hearing it. Poor Arminius! I wonder what he is doing now? If the Prussians keep sticking in the mud before Paris, how will he continue to bear the wet weather, the winter nights, the exposure? And may not his prolonged requisitions for tobacco and sausages (merciless I know they will be!) prove too much at last for the patience of even some down-trodden worm of a French *bourgeois*? Or, again, this is the hour for a *sortie*, and Arminius is as brave as a lion. I go to my garret-window; it is just midnight; how gloomy is Grub Street at this hour! I look towards the familiar regions of Whitecross Street Market and Chequer Alley; the venerable pile of Cripplegate Church, which I could never get Arminius to enter, rises darkly and sadly before me. Dismal presentiments begin to crowd upon my soul, and I sign myself,

Sir, your uneasy servant,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

1825-1895

The Darwinian Hypothesis

THERE is a growing immensity in the speculations of science to which no human thing or thought at this day is comparable. Apart from the results which science brings us home and securely harvests, there is an expansive force and latitude in its tentative efforts, which lifts us out of ourselves and transfigures our mortality. We may have a preference for moral themes, like the Homeric sage, who had seen and known much:

Cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments;

yet we must end by confessing that

The windy ways of men

Are but dust which rises up

And is lightly laid again,

in comparison with the work of nature, to which science testifies, but which has no boundaries in time or space to which science can approximate.

There is something altogether out of the reach of science, and yet the compass of science is practically illimitable. Hence it is that from time to time we are startled and perplexed by theories which have no parallel in the contracted moral world; for the generalizations of science sweep on in ever widening circles, and more aspiring flights, through a limitless creation. While astronomy, with its telescope, ranges beyond the known stars,

and physiology, with its microscope, is subdividing infinite minutiae, we may expect that our historic centuries will be treated as inadequate counters in the history of the planet on which we are placed. We must expect new conceptions of the nature and relations of its denizens, as science acquires the materials for fresh generalizations; nor have we occasion for alarm if a highly advanced knowledge, like that of the eminent Naturalist before us, confronts us with an hypothesis as vast as it is novel. This hypothesis may or may not be sustainable hereafter; it may give way to something else, and higher science may reverse what science has here built up with so much skill and patience, but its sufficiency must be tried by the tests of science *alone*, if we are to maintain our position as the heirs of Bacon and the acquitters of Galileo. We must weigh this hypothesis strictly in the controversy which is coming, by the only tests which are appropriate, and by no others whatsoever.

The hypothesis to which we point, and of which the present work of Mr. Darwin is but the preliminary outline, may be stated in his own language as follows:—*'Species originated by means of natural selection, or through the preservation of the favoured races in the struggle for life.'* To render this thesis intelligible, it is necessary to interpret its terms. In the first place, what *is* a species? The question is a simple one, but the right answer to it is hard to find, even if we appeal to those who should know most about it. It is all those animals or plants which have descended from a single pair of parents; it is the smallest distinctly definable group of living organisms; it is an eternal and immutable entity; it is a mere abstraction

of the human intellect having no existence in nature. Such are a few of the significations attached to this simple word which may be culled from authoritative sources; and if, leaving terms and theoretical subtleties aside, we turn to facts and endeavour to gather a meaning for ourselves, by studying the things to which, in practice, the name of species is applied, it profits us little. For practice varies as much as theory. Let the botanist or the zoologist examine and describe the productions of a country, and one will pretty certainly disagree with the other as to the number, limits, and definitions of the species into which he groups the very same things. In these islands we are in the habit of regarding mankind as of one species, but a fortnight's steam will land us in a country where divines and savants, for once in agreement, vie with one another in loudness of assertion, if not in cogency of proof, that men are of different species; and, more particularly, that the species negro is so distinct from our own that the Ten Commandments have actually no reference to him. Even in the calm region of entomology, where, if anywhere in this sinful world, passion and prejudice should fail to stir the mind, one learned coleopterist will fill ten attractive volumes with descriptions of species of beetles, nine-tenths of which are immediately declared by his brother beetle-mongers to be no species at all.

The truth is that the number of distinguishable living creatures almost surpasses imagination. At least a hundred thousand such kinds of insects alone have been described and may be identified in collections, and the number of separable kinds of living things is under-estimated at half a million. Seeing that most of these obvious kinds have

their accidental varieties, and that they often shade into others by imperceptible degrees, it may well be imagined that the task of distinguishing between what is permanent and what fleeting, what is a species and what a mere variety, is sufficiently formidable.

But is it not possible to apply a test whereby a true species may be known from a mere variety? Is there no criterion of species? Great authorities affirm that there is—that the unions of members of the same species are always fertile, while those of distinct species are either sterile, or their offspring, called hybrids, are so. It is affirmed not only that this is an experimental fact, but that it is a provision for the preservation of the purity of species. Such a criterion as this would be invaluable; but, unfortunately, not only is it not obvious how to apply it in the great majority of cases in which its aid is needed, but its general validity is stoutly denied. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Herbert, a most trustworthy authority, not only asserts as the result of his own observations and experiments that many hybrids are quite as fertile as the parent species, but he goes so far as to assert that the particular plant *Crinum capense* is much more fertile when crossed by a distinct species than when fertilized by its proper pollen! On the other hand the famous Gaertner, though he took the greatest pains to cross the primrose and cowslip, succeeded only once or twice in several years; and yet it is a well-established fact that the primrose and the cowslip are only varieties of the same kind of plant. Again, such cases as the following are well established. The female of species A if crossed with the male of species B is fertile, but if the female of B is crossed with the male of A, she

remains barren. Facts of this kind destroy the value of the supposed criterion.

If, weary of the endless difficulties involved in the determination of species, the investigator, contenting himself with the rough practical distinction of separable kinds, endeavours to study them as they occur in nature—to ascertain their relations to the conditions which surround them, their mutual harmonies and discordances of structure, the bond of union of their parts and their past history, he finds himself, according to the received notions, in a mighty haze, and with, at most, the dimmest adumbration of a plan. If he starts with any one clear conviction, it is that every part of a living creature is cunningly adapted to some special use in its life. Has not his Paley told him that that seemingly useless organ, the spleen, is beautifully adjusted as so much packing between the other organs? And yet, at the outset of his studies, he finds that no adaptive reason whatsoever can be given for one-half of the peculiarities of vegetable structure; he also discovers rudimentary teeth, which are never used, in the gums of the young calf and in those of the foetal whale; insects which never bite have rudimental jaws, and others which never fly have rudimental wings; naturally blind creatures have rudimental eyes; and the halt have rudimentary limbs. So, again, no animal or plant puts on its perfect form at once, but all have to start from the same point, however various the course which each has to pursue. Not only men and horses, and cats and dogs, lobsters and beetles, periwinkles and mussels, but even the very sponges and animalcules commence their existence under forms which are essentially undistinguishable; and this is true of all the

infinite variety of plants. Nay, more, all living beings march side by side along the high road of development, and separate the later the more like they are; like people leaving church, who all go down the aisle, but having reached the door some turn into the parsonage, others go down the village, and others part only in the next parish. A man in his development runs for a little while parallel with, though never passing through, the form of the meanest worm, then travels for a space beside the fish, then journeys along with the bird and the reptile for his fellow travellers; and only at last, after a brief companionship with the highest of the four-footed and four-handed world, rises into the dignity of pure manhood. No competent thinker of the present day dreams of explaining these indubitable facts by the notion of the existence of unknown and undiscoverable adaptations to purpose. And we would remind those who, ignorant of the facts, must be moved by authority, that no one has asserted the incompetence of the doctrine of final causes, in its application to physiology and anatomy, more strongly than our own eminent anatomist, Professor Owen, who, speaking of such cases, says (*On the Nature of Limbs*, pp. 39, 40): 'I think it will be obvious that the principle of final adaptations fails to satisfy all the conditions of the problem.'

But, if the doctrine of final causes will not help us to comprehend the anomalies of living structure, the principle of adaptation must surely lead us to understand why certain living beings are found in certain regions of the world and not in others. The palm, as we know, will not grow in our climate, nor the oak in Greenland. The white bear cannot live where the tiger thrives, nor *vice*

versa, and the more the natural habits of animal and vegetable species are examined, the more do they seem, on the whole, limited to particular provinces. But when we look into the facts established by the study of the geographical distribution of animals and plants it seems utterly hopeless to attempt to understand the strange and apparently capricious relations which they exhibit. One would be inclined to suppose *a priori* that every country must be naturally peopled by those animals that are fittest to live and thrive in it. And yet how, on this hypothesis, are we to account for the absence of cattle in the Pampas of South America when those parts of the New World were discovered? It is not that they were unfit for cattle, for millions of cattle now run wild there; and the like holds good of Australia and New Zealand. It is a curious circumstance, in fact, that the animals and plants of the Northern Hemisphere are not only as well adapted to live in the Southern Hemisphere as its own autochthones, but are in many cases absolutely better adapted, and so overrun and extirpate the aborigines. Clearly, therefore, the species which naturally inhabit a country are not necessarily the best adapted to its climate and other conditions. The inhabitants of islands are often distinct from any other known species of animal or plant (witness our recent examples from the work of Sir Emerson Tennent, on Ceylon), and yet they have almost always a sort of general family resemblance to the animals and plants of the nearest mainland. On the other hand, there is hardly a species of fish, shell, or crab common to the opposite sides of the narrow isthmus of Panama. Wherever we look, then, living nature offers us riddles of difficult solution,

if we suppose that what we see is all that can be known of it.

But our knowledge of life is not confined to the existing world. Whatever their minor differences, geologists are agreed as to the vast thickness of the accumulated strata which compose the visible part of our earth, and the inconceivable immensity of the time of whose lapse they are the imperfect, but the only accessible witnesses. Now, throughout the greater part of this long series of stratified rocks are scattered, sometimes very abundantly, multitudes of organic remains, the fossilized exuviae of animals and plants which lived and died while the mud of which the rocks are formed was yet soft ooze, and could receive and bury them. It would be a great error to suppose that these organic remains were fragmentary relics. Our museums exhibit fossil shells of immeasurable antiquity, as perfect as the day they were formed, whole skeletons without a limb disturbed—nay, the changed flesh, the developing embryos, and even the very footsteps of primæval organisms. Thus the naturalist finds in the bowels of the earth species as well defined as, and in some groups of animals more numerous than, those that breathe the upper air. But, singularly enough, the majority of these entombed species are wholly distinct from those that now live. Nor is this unlikeness without its rule and order. As a broad fact, the farther we go back in time the less the buried species are like existing forms; and the further apart the sets of extinct creatures are the less they are like one another. In other words, there has been a regular succession of living beings, each younger set being in a very broad and general sense somewhat more like those which now live.

It was once supposed that this succession had been the result of vast successive catastrophes, destructions, and re-creations *en masse*; but catastrophes are now almost eliminated from geological, or at least paleontological speculation; and it is admitted on all hands that the seeming breaks in the chain of being are not absolute, but only relative to our imperfect knowledge; that species have replaced species, not in assemblages, but one by one; and that, if it were possible to have all the phenomena of the past presented to us, the convenient epochs and formations of the geologist, though having a certain distinctness, would fade into one another with limits as undefinable as those of the distinct and yet separable colours of the solar spectrum.

Such is a brief summary of the main truths which have been established concerning species. Are these truths ultimate and irresolvable facts, or are their complexities and perplexities the mere expressions of a higher law?

A large number of persons practically assume the former position to be correct. They believe that the writer of the Pentateuch was empowered and commissioned to teach us scientific as well as other truth, that the account we find there of the creation of living things is simply and literally correct, and that anything which seems to contradict it is, by the nature of the case, false. All the phenomena which have been detailed are, on this view, the immediate product of a creative fiat and consequently are out of the domain of science altogether.

Whether this view prove ultimately to be true or false, it is, at any rate, not at present supported by what is commonly regarded as logical proof, even if it be capable of discussion by reason; and hence we consider ourselves

at liberty to pass it by, and to turn to those views which profess to rest on a scientific basis only, and therefore admit of being argued to their consequences. And we do this with the less hesitation as it so happens that those persons who are practically conversant with the facts of the case (plainly a considerable advantage) have always thought fit to range themselves under the latter category.

The majority of these competent persons have up to the present time maintained two positions,—the first, that every species is, within certain defined or definable limits, fixed and incapable of modification; the second, that every species was originally produced by a distinct creative act. The second position is obviously incapable of proof or disproof, the direct operations of the Creator not being subjects of science; and it must therefore be regarded as a corollary from the first, the truth or falsehood of which is a matter of evidence. Most persons imagine that the arguments in favour of it are overwhelming; but to some few minds, and these, it must be confessed, intellects of no small power and grasp of knowledge, they have not brought conviction. Among these minds that of the famous naturalist Lamarck, who possessed a greater acquaintance with the lower forms of life than any man of his day, Cuvier not excepted, and was a good botanist to boot, occupies a prominent place.

Two facts appear to have strongly affected the course of thought of this remarkable man—the one, that finer or stronger links of affinity connect all living beings with one another, and that thus the highest creature grades by multitudinous steps into the lowest; the other, that an organ may be developed in particular directions by exerting

itself in particular ways, and that modifications once induced may be transmitted and become hereditary. Putting these facts together, Lamarck endeavoured to account for the first by the operation of the second. Place an animal in new circumstances, says he, and its needs will be altered; the new needs will create new desires, and the attempt to gratify such desires will result in an appropriate modification of the organs exerted. Make a man a blacksmith, and his brachial muscles will develop in accordance with the demands made upon them, and in like manner, says Lamarck, 'the efforts of some shortnecked bird to catch fish without wetting himself have, with time and perseverance, given rise to all our herons and long-necked waders'.

The Lamarckian hypothesis has long since been justly condemned, and it is the established practice for every tyro to raise his heel against the carcass of the dead lion. But it is rarely either wise or instructive to treat even the errors of a really great man with mere ridicule, and in the present case the logical form of the doctrine stands on a very different footing from its substance.

If species have really arisen by the operation of natural conditions, we ought to be able to find those conditions now at work; we ought to be able to discover in nature some power adequate to modify any given kind of animal or plant in such a manner as to give rise to another kind, which would be admitted by naturalists as a distinct species. Lamarck imagined that he had discovered this *vera causa* in the admitted facts that some organs may be modified by exercise; and that modifications, once produced, are capable of hereditary transmission. It does not seem to have occurred to him to inquire whether there is

any reason to believe that there are any limits to the amount of modification producible, or to ask how long an animal is likely to endeavour to gratify an impossible desire. The bird, in our example, would surely have renounced fish dinners long before it had produced the least effect on leg or neck.

Since Lamarck's time almost all competent naturalists have left speculations on the origin of species to such dreamers as the author of the *Vestiges*, by whose well-intentioned efforts the Lamarckian theory received its final condemnation in the minds of all sound thinkers. Notwithstanding this silence, however, the transmutation theory, as it has been called, has been a 'skeleton in the closet' to many an honest zoologist and botanist who had a soul above the mere naming of dried plants and skins. Surely, has such an one thought, nature is a mighty and consistent whole, and the providential order established in the world of life must, if we could only see it rightly, be consistent with that dominant over the multiform shapes of brute matter. But what is the history of astronomy, of all the branches of physics, of chemistry, of medicine, but a narration of the steps by which the human mind has been compelled, often sorely against its will, to recognize the operation of secondary causes in events where ignorance beheld an immediate intervention of a higher power? And when we know that living things are formed of the same elements as the inorganic world, that they act and react upon it, bound by a thousand ties of natural piety, is it probable, nay is it possible, that they, and they alone, should have no order in their seeming disorder, no unity in their seeming multiplicity, should

suffer no explanation by the discovery of some central and sublime law of mutual connexion?

Questions of this kind have assuredly often arisen, but it might have been long before they received such expression as would have commanded the respect and attention of the scientific world, had it not been for the publication of the work which prompted this article. Its author, Mr. Darwin, inheritor of a once celebrated name, won his spurs in science when most of those now distinguished were young men, and has for the last twenty years held a place in the front ranks of British philosophers. After a circumnavigatory voyage, undertaken solely for the love of his science, Mr. Darwin published a series of researches which at once arrested the attention of naturalists and geologists; his generalizations have since received ample confirmation, and now command universal assent, nor is it questionable that they have had the most important influence on the progress of science. More recently Mr. Darwin, with a versatility which is among the rarest of gifts, turned his attention to a most difficult question of zoology and minute anatomy; and no living naturalist and anatomist has published a better monograph than that which resulted from his labours. Such a man, at all events, has not entered the sanctuary with unwashed hands, and when he lays before us the results of twenty years' investigation and reflection we must listen even though we be disposed to strike. But, in reading his work it must be confessed that the attention which might at first be dutifully, soon becomes willingly, given, so clear is the author's thought, so outspoken his conviction, so honest and fair the candid expression of his doubts. Those who would judge the book

must read it; we shall endeavour only to make its line of argument and its philosophical position intelligible to the general reader in our own way.

The Baker-street Bazaar has just been exhibiting its familiar annual spectacle. Straight-backed, small-headed, big-barrelled oxen, as dissimilar from any wild species as can well be imagined, contended for attention and praise with sheep of half a dozen different breeds and sties of bloated preposterous pigs, no more like a wild boar or sow than a city alderman is like an ourang-outang. The cattle show has been, and perhaps may again be, succeeded by a poultry show, of whose crowing and clucking prodigies it can only be certainly predicated that they will be very unlike the aboriginal *Phasianus Gallus*. If the seeker after animal anomalies is not satisfied, a turn or two in Seven Dials will convince him that the breeds of pigeons are quite as extraordinary and unlike one another and their parent stock, while the Horticultural Society will provide him with any number of corresponding vegetable aberrations from nature's types. He will learn with no little surprise, too, in the course of his travels, that the proprietors and producers of these animal and vegetable anomalies regard them as distinct species, with a firm belief, the strength of which is exactly proportioned to their ignorance of scientific biology, and which is the more remarkable as they are all proud of their skill in *originating* such 'species'.

On careful inquiry it is found that all these, and the many other artificial breeds or races of animals and plants, have been produced by one method. The breeder—and a skilful one must be a person of much sagacity and natural

or acquired perceptive faculty—notes some slight difference, arising he knows not how, in some individuals of his stock. If he wish to perpetuate this difference, to form a breed with the peculiarity in question strongly marked, he selects such male and female individuals as exhibit the desired character, and breeds from them. Their offspring are then carefully examined, and those which exhibit the peculiarity the most distinctly are selected for breeding, and this operation is repeated until the desired amount of divergence from the primitive stock is reached. It is then found that by continuing the process of selection—always breeding, that is, from well-marked forms, and allowing no impure crosses to interfere,—a race may be formed, the tendency of which to reproduce itself is exceedingly strong; nor is the limit to the amount of divergence which may be thus produced known, but one thing is certain, that, if certain breeds of dogs, or of pigeons, or of horses, were known only in a fossil state, no naturalist would hesitate in regarding them as distinct species.

But, in all these cases we have *human interference*. Without the breeder there would be no selection, and without the selection no race. Before admitting the possibility of natural species having originated in any similar way, it must be proved that there is in nature some power which takes the place of man, and performs a selection *sua sponte*. It is the claim of Mr. Darwin that he professes to have discovered the existence and the *modus operandi* of this natural selection, as he terms it; and, if he be right, the process is perfectly simple and comprehensible, and irresistibly deducible from very familiar but wellnigh forgotten facts.

Who, for instance, has duly reflected upon all the consequences of the marvellous struggle for existence which is daily and hourly going on among living beings? Not only does every animal live at the expense of some other animal or plant, but the very plants are at war. The ground is full of seeds that cannot rise into seedlings; the seedlings rob one another of air and light and water, the strongest robber winning the day, and extinguishing his competitors. Year after year, the wild animals with which man never interferes are, on the average, neither more nor less numerous than they were; and yet we know that the annual produce of every pair is from one to perhaps a million young,—so that it is mathematically certain that, on the average, as many are killed by natural causes as are born every year, and those only escape which happen to be a little better fitted to resist destruction than those which die. The individuals of a species are like the crew of a foundered ship, and none but good swimmers have a chance of reaching the land.

Such being unquestionably the necessary conditions under which living creatures exist, Mr. Darwin discovers in them the instrument of natural selection. Suppose that in the midst of this incessant competition some individuals of a species (A) present accidental variations which happen to fit them a little better than their fellows for the struggle in which they are engaged, then the chances are in favour, not only of these individuals being better nourished than the others, but of their predominating over their fellows in other ways, and of having a better chance of leaving offspring, which will of course tend to reproduce the peculiarities of their parents. Their offspring will, by a

parity of reasoning, tend to predominate over their contemporaries, and there being (suppose) no room for more than one species such as A, the weaker variety will eventually be destroyed by the new destructive influence which is thrown into the scale, and the stronger will take its place. Surrounding conditions remaining unchanged, the new variety (which we may call B)—supposed, for argument's sake, to be the best adapted for these conditions which can be got out of the original stock—will remain unchanged, all accidental deviations from the type becoming at once extinguished, as less fit for their post than B itself. The tendency of B to persist will grow with its persistence through successive generations, and it will acquire all the characters of a new species.

But, on the other hand, if the conditions of life change in any degree, however slight, B may no longer be that form which is best adapted to withstand their destructive, and profit by their sustaining, influence; in which case if it should give rise to a more competent variety (C), this will take its place and become a new species; and thus, by *natural selection*, the species B and C will be successively derived from A.

That this most ingenious hypothesis enables us to give a reason for many apparent anomalies in the distribution of living beings in time and space, and that it is not contradicted by the main phenomena of life and organization appears to us to be unquestionable, and so far it must be admitted to have an immense advantage over any of its predecessors. But it is quite another matter to affirm absolutely either the truth or falsehood of Mr. Darwin's views at the present stage of the inquiry. Goethe has an

excellent aphorism defining that state of mind which he calls *Thätige Skepsis*—active doubt. It is doubt which so loves truth that it neither dares rest in doubting, nor extinguish itself by unjustified belief; and we commend this state of mind to students of species, with respect to Mr. Darwin's or any other hypothesis, as to their origin. The combined investigations of another twenty years may, perhaps, enable naturalists to say whether the modifying causes and the selective power, which Mr. Darwin has satisfactorily shown to exist in nature, are competent to produce all the effects he ascribes to them, or whether, on the other hand, he has been led to over-estimate the value of his principle of natural selection, as greatly as Lamarck over-estimated his *vera causa* of modification by exercise.

But there is, at all events, one advantage possessed by the more recent writer over his predecessor. Mr. Darwin abhors mere speculation as nature abhors a vacuum. He is as greedy of cases and precedents as any constitutional lawyer, and all the principles he lays down are capable of being brought to the test of observation and experiment. The path he bids us follow professes to be not a mere airy track, fabricated of ideal cobwebs, but a solid and broad bridge of facts. If it be so, it will carry us safely over many a chasm in our knowledge, and lead us to a region free from the snares of those fascinating Final Causes, against which a high authority has so justly warned us. 'My sons, dig in the vineyard', were the last words of the old man in the fable; and, though the sons found no treasure, they made their fortunes by the grapes.

WALTER BAGEHOT

1826-1877

Boscastle

WHATEVER doubt there may be as to the truth of Mr. Darwin's speculations on other points, there is no doubt that they are applicable to the coast cliffs of north Cornwall. No doubt every cliff owes its being to natural selection. All the weak rocks have been worn away by ages of conflict with the whole Atlantic, and only the strong rocks are left. They often are worn, too, into shapes resembling the spare and gigantic veterans of many wars; wherever the subtle ocean detected a bit of soft stone, it set to and wore it away, so that the grim masses which stand are all granite—the 'bones and sinews of geology'. The peculiarity of the coast, among other beautiful ones, is that it is a mere coast;—the picturesque stops at the cliff line. In the adjacent coast of north and west the high hills of the interior send down many streams, which in the course of ages have hollowed out deep valleys and softened with woody banks the wild and stony fields. But Cornwall is a thin county, has no deep interior to be a source of big streams, and the little ones which trickle forth have to rush over a rock too hard and too bleak for them to wear it into delicate valleys. But the shore line is charming, not only because the waves swell with the force of the full ocean, while the bays are scooped and the rocks scarred by its incessant hand—its careful hand, I had almost said, so minute and pervading are its touches—but the hard grey rock of the shore also contributes much to make *clean foam*.

The softer rocks always mix something of their own alloy with the pure sea, but the grey grit here has no discolouring power; the white line of spray dances from headland to headland as pure and crystal-like as if it had not touched the earth.

But I have no intention of wearying you with a description of scenery. The seashore is a pretty thing, but it is not a discovery of my own. The coast is very curious; I do not mean in those ante-Roman remains which your most learned contributor has so well described. I cannot presume to tell you whether in truth in this place, as in so many others, according to the last ideas and perhaps the hardest terms of ethnology, the dolichocephalic race of men attacked and extirpated the brachycephalic, or short-headed, ten thousand years before history began. Anyhow, if the theory is true, it must have been cold work on these cliffs and moors, when you picked up mussels and (if possible) cray-fish, and cut skins, if you had any, into clothes with a blunt flint, when fire had just come in as a new and (Conservative thought!) suspicious thing, and tattooing was still the best of the fine arts. The year A.D. 1866 has defects, but it is better certainly than the B.C. 18660, if the human races were really about then. But, as I said, I cannot deal with such matters; I have only a little to say about the changes of life and civilization which this coast marks in the last century or two.

We are familiar with the present state of trade, and with the phenomena it creates and the conditions it requires. It shows itself to the eye at once in immense warehouses, cities spreading over miles and miles, and not seeming even to anticipate a boundary, a population daily streaming from

the thinly inhabited outskirts, and daily concentrating itself more and more in the already thronged cities. Commerce gives much to those who have much, and from such as have little it takes that little away. But the pre-requisites of our commerce are of recent growth, and our ancestors even lately did not possess them. They are—large and ready capital, rapid and cheap land-carriage, the power of making great breakwaters to keep out storms, the power of making large docks to hold many vessels, the ability to protect and the confidence to amass great wealth close to the seashore. But a very few generations ago these gifts were wanting. It was useless to bring all merchandise to one port, for when there you could not use it; no railway and no canal distributed bulky articles; they had to be brought by water to the nearest possible market; they might nearly as well have stayed where they were grown, if they had to be conveyed a hundred or two hundred miles when here. All our great protective works against the sea, all our great accumulative works at the great ports, are modern in the strictest sense, post-modern, as geologists would say, part of the 'drift' of this age.

But though in theory we know these things, yet they come upon us with a sudden completeness when we see the sort of place our ancestors thought a port. Boscastle is as good an example of their idea as can be found. It is a creek shaped like a capital *S*, with, I should think, the earliest and smallest breakwater on record just about the middle. The sea runs with great violence on all this coast, and no open bay is safe for a moment. But the turn or crook of the Boscastle creek, which I have endeavoured to describe by likening it to the letter *S*, in a great measure

protects it, and even early masons were able to run out on the solid rock some few feet of compact stones, which help to add to the shelter. The whole creek is never nearly as broad as Regent Street, and it gradually runs away to be narrower than the Strand, while at the point of the breakwater there is a real Temple Bar, which hardly seems wide enough for a ship at all. The whole thing, when you first look down on it, gives you the notion that you are looking at a big port through a diminishing glass, so complete is the whole equipment, and yet so absurdly disproportionate, according to our notions, is the size. The principal harbour of Lilliput probably had just this look. But though its size across is small, the rocks which make its jaws are very formidable, and the sea foams against them in an unpleasant manner. I suppose we ought to think much of the courage with which sailors face such dangers, and of the feelings of their wives and families when they wait the return of their husbands and fathers; but my City associations at once carried me away to the poor underwriter who should insure against loss at such a place. How he would murmur, 'Oh! my premium,' as he saw the ship tossing up to the great black rock and the ugly breakwater, and seeming likely enough to hit both. I shall not ask at Lloyd's what is the rate for Boscastle rocks, for I remember the grave rebuke I once got from a serious underwriter when I said some other such place was pretty. 'Pretty! I should think it was,' he answered; 'why it is lined with our money!'

But our ancestors had no choice but to use such places. They could not make London and Liverpool; they had not the money; what wealth existed was scattered all over the country; the central money-market was not. There

was no use in going to the goldsmiths who made Lombard Street to ask for a couple of millions to make docks or breakwaters, even if our science could have then made large specimens of the latter, which it could not. And, as I said before, these large emporia when made would have been quite useless; the auxiliary facilities which alone make such places serviceable did not exist. The neighbourhoods of Bideford and Boscastle had then to trust to Bideford and Boscastle; they had no access to London or Liverpool; they relied on their local port, and if that failed them had no resource or substitute.

The fringe of petty ports all over our coasts serves to explain the multitudes of old country houses, in proportion to the populations of old times, which are mouldering in out-of-the-way and often very ugly places. The tourist thinks—how did people come to build in such an inaccessible and unpicturesque place? But few of our old gentry cared for what we now call the beauties of nature; they built on their own estates when they could, and if those estates were near some wretched little haven they were much pleased. The sea was the railway of those days; it brought, as it did to Ellangowan in Dirk Hatterick's time, brandy for the men and 'pinners' for the women to the lonest of coast castles. According to popular belief, King Arthur himself thus lived. The famous castle of Tintagel hangs over the edge of a cliff, right over the next little bay to that of Boscastle—a very lone place, where a boat could get out to sea if the pilot knew the place, but where no stranger or pirate could get in with the tiniest craft, under peril of his life. By land, too, the Saxon must have had many a weary mile of bog and moorland to cross

before he reached the crag's edge, and had very tough walls to deal with there, for they have not been repaired these thousand years, and at perhaps the most windy point in England some of them are standing still. King Arthur is out of luck just now. The sceptical, prosaic historians disbelieve in him, and the ethnologists despise him. What indeed is the interest of a dubious antiquity of thirteen hundred years, if we really can get to the people who dwelt 'near Bedford' side by side in daily life with the long-horned rhinoceros and the woolly-haired mammoth? So between the literati who think him too far off to believe in, and the literati who consider him too modern to take an interest in, King Arthur is at his nadir. But how singular was his zenith before! Whatever may be the doubt as to the existence of his person, there is no doubt as to the existence of his reputation, and it is the queerest perhaps even in legend. If he was anything, he was a Celt who resisted the Teutonic invaders, and yet years after, when these very Teutons created their own chivalry, they made into a fancied model of it this Celt, who never dreamed of it, who could not have understood an iota of it, who hated and perhaps slew the ancestors of those who made it. There are hundreds of kings whose reality is as uncertain as Arthur's, and some, though not many, whose fame has been as great as his; but there is no king or hero perhaps whose reality, if it were proved, *must* be so inconsistent with his fame.

I did not intend to have gone into this matter, but the 'strong' legend of the place was too much for me. I meant only to have said that it was in the ruined small ports and coast granges and castles of Queen Elizabeth's time that

our Raleighs, and Drakes, and Frobishers were formed. In the ante-Lancashire period, now forgotten, Devon was a great mercantile county, and adjacent Cornwall shared, though somewhat less, in its power and its celebrity. It was 'Devonshire', local enthusiasts have said, 'which beat the Spanish Armada.' I am not sure of the history; according to my memory, the Armada was beaten by the waves; but Devonshire is right in this—she bred a main part of those who would have resisted the Armada, and who in that age fought the Spaniards whenever, in either hemisphere, propitious fate sent an opportunity.

Mr. Arnold has lately been writing on the influence of the Celtic character on the English. I wish he would consider whether the predominance of Southern England in old times, say in the Tudor period, had nothing to do with the largely romantic elements in the characters of those times. 'North of the Trent' the population was always thin till the manufacturing times, and there must have been a much scantier subjacent race of Celts there than in Devon and the South. It may be accident, but certainly the Tudor Englishman tends to crop up hereabouts. There is Mr. Kingsley, who was born, I believe, at Clovelly, and has drunk into his very nature all the life of this noble coast. There is in his style a vigour, softened, yet unrelaxed, which is like the spirit of these places. If he is not more like a Tudor Englishman than a nineteenth-century Englishman, then words have no meaning, and Mr. Arnold may be able to prove, though I can but suggest, that the source of all this compacted energy, fancy, and unsoundness lies in the universal local predominance of the Celtic nature. The datum is certain at least; we can all see that

Mr. Kingsley is not like the pure Goth of Lancashire, for there can be little of the Celt there.

I do not feel able to confirm these ethnological speculations by any personal observations of my own upon the Boscastle natives. Their principal feature, to a stranger at least, is a theory they have that their peculiar pronunciation of the English language is the most correct. I asked a native the way to the chemist's, pronouncing *ch*, as is usual, like a *k*. The man looked at me wondering, then I repeated, when he said with pity, 'You mean the *tchemist*'s.' Is this the last soft remnant of a Celtic guttural, or only the outcome of the inbred pragmatism of the natural rural mind?

LESLIE STEPHEN

1832-1904

The Rowing Man

LATE writers upon University affairs have elaborately described one particular phase of University life. Whether it is really the most picturesque phase, or only the most easy to describe, may be doubted. Perhaps the sect of muscular Christians—which derived its chief popularity from the genial eloquence of its reputed founder—has given a temporary prominence to the athletic undergraduate. When Alton Locke visited Cambridge, he regarded it with the stern eye of a chartist tailor. Bloated aristocrats, in the livery of their order, paraded the streets. Words of sacred import, but degraded by their common use as mere names of colleges, were bandied about with

improper epithets prefixed to them. On the banks of the Cam one of these profane scions of nobility rode the unlucky 'snob' into the river, and benevolently swore at him for getting in the way. But even Alton Locke, 'tailor, chartist, and poet,' had a good word for the boat-races. The youths were rather ignorant, very brutal, and incredibly given to tuft-hunting. But, after all, there was good stuff in them. The clenched teeth, starting muscles, and heaving breasts of the racing crews showed something more than mere physical vigour. The blood of the Vikings, the pluck that won the battle of Waterloo—(would that the Vikings and the battle of Waterloo could be buried in one grave together!)—and the various idols by which the muscular Christian is accustomed to swear, all rushed into his mind together. He was thoughtlessly shrieking, 'Well rowed, Trinity!' just as the bloated aristocrat tripped him up. Mr. Kingsley was, of course, speaking not his own sentiments, but those which were recommended by dramatic propriety as coming from a chartist tailor. It is for this reason that he has admitted into his spirited description various points that do not satisfy the critical eye: the stroke of the head of the river, for example, actually smokes a pipe—*horresco referens*—half an hour before the race. The best of all possible or actual descriptions, however, was given in *Tom Brown at Oxford*; it is the one passage in the book which is really inimitable, and to it I must refer my readers if they would understand the thrill which causes every nerve in an old oarsman's body to vibrate again when he hears 'the pulse of racing-oars among the willows'. For myself, I feel, but sternly repress, the temptation to attempt the description of a boat-race. I will only say that amongst

the many varieties of athletic sport at the Universities—and we have now cricket, fives, rackets, foot-races, rifle-shooting, gymnastics, and every game that fills the pages of *Bell's Life*, except the profoundly mysterious 'knur and spell'—boating has a clear pre-eminence, and the boating-man is the purest type of the genuine University athlete. He is to the devotees of other amusements what the game-fowl is to the Dorking, or the carrier-pigeon to the tumbler. He exhibits all the typical characteristic tastes and habits in their most characteristic form. Rowing fulfils all the requisite conditions by which an undergraduate's amusements must be fitted to his liking. It goes on all the year round, and interferes with his studies; it requires a great deal of very hard and disagreeable work; it rubs holes in his skin, raises blisters on his hands, and gives him a chance of an occasional ducking; when pursued to excess, it may even injure his health for life; and it gives him an excuse for periodical outbursts of hilarity; which, if skillfully managed, may lead into scrapes with the authorities. To these charms it adds another which is especially attractive to Englishmen. An Englishman is greedy of enjoyment; he likes to cram into a few minutes what a foreigner would spread over hours; if he means to get drunk, he indulges in strong drinks; he despises the feeble liquids by which the desired goal may be gradually and circuitously approached. A German student, it is credibly reported, has been known to intoxicate himself with Bavarian beer, a liquid which might be expected to produce more risk of bursting than of drunkenness. An English student would as soon think of drowning himself in the great tun of Heidelberg: if he does get drunk, he does it with a will,

probably by a rapid internal combination of champagne and milk punch. Now rowing has an analogous charm; the whole interest and suspense is crowded into some five minutes of desperate excitement. The two minutes during which the Derby is decided are sufficiently trying to a man who has thousands on the race; but the youthful enthusiasm of the oarsman probably almost balances the pecuniary interest of the betting-man. Even the speculator on the turf scarcely knows a keener agony of suspense when the favourite is challenged in his last few strides, than the lad who shrieks himself hoarse on the bank, as the nose of his college boat buries itself in the foam from their antagonist's rudder.

One glorious hour of crowded strife
Is worth an age without a name,

according to Sir Walter Scott; and the sentiment, if not quite orthodox, meets with the hearty sympathy of the true boating-man.

Rowing is fortunately not a chronic complaint. After leaving the University few men keep it up. A man may play cricket after he has added a cubit to his girth. He may practice rifle-shooting and march in the ranks of the 'Devil's Own' till he has developed into a judge or a cabinet minister. He may hunt as long as he can be lifted on to his horse. The infection of mountaineering is not even caught, as a rule, till late in life, and the disease, like the measles, is more severe in proportion to the age of the victim. Fathers of families have been heard to discuss for hours the comparative merits of the St. Gervais and Grands Mulets routes to the summit of Mont Blanc, long after advancing years should have confined their ambition to Primrose Hill.

But the rowing man after three or four years of mental aberration generally recovers his perfect sanity. He can't 'get forward' as he used. A certain protuberance of figure, strongly suggestive of Mr. Banting, impedes the freedom of his action. The modern style seems short and snatchy; it has not the long majestic sweep of former days. A crew of enthusiastic dons, known familiarly as the 'Ancient Mariners', sometimes revisit the scene of their youthful sports. As we swing gracefully round a corner, I hear some irreverent youngster inquire with a half-suppressed chuckle, 'Who's the fat duffer rowing four?' and I fancy that my form must have lost some of its earlier grace. When the crew of Ulysses obeyed his invitation to step in, 'and sitting well in order, smite the sounding furrows,' they probably did not excite the admiration of the youth of Ithaca. Ulysses' own sentiment, that they were not then what in old times they had been, doubtless met with hearty concurrence from the bank. They must have caught a good many crabs before reaching the Happy Isles. We recover from the fever of our youth, but its vehemence is proved by enduring traces left behind. Who can forget the time when the fate of cabinets and armies, the expulsion of Pio Nono or the accession of Napoleon III, seemed to him of infinitely less importance than the decision of the University boat-race? An exciting election or an important vote in the Senate sometimes fills our streets with a crowd of rarely-seen barristers and country parsons. Amongst them you recognize a pair of broad shoulders and a jovial red face; your friend is as big as ever round the chest and a good deal bigger round the waist; his black coat and white tie, and an indefinable air of clerical gravity, have not effec-

tually disguised him. He tries to persuade you that he has come to save the Church, or to secure the adoption of a petition against the abolition of church-rates, or of a scheme for theological education. But, after half a sentence of due wisdom, he inquires,—

‘How about the University boat?’

He scarcely knows whether he says ‘placet’ or ‘non placet’ to the inquisitive proctor, who demands his vote; and half-an-hour later you find him puffing gallantly along the towing-path in a crowd of undergraduates, and panting out that nobody now can row such a stroke as Jones of Trinity. He puts aside your feeble efforts to amuse him by a congenial discussion on Hebrew roots or the National Society, and plunges with amazing avidity into half-forgotten details of boating ‘shop’. He rows his old races over again, and gives you prescriptions for restoring Cambridge to its old pre-eminence on the river, till you suspect him of being the gentleman who writes as ‘Argonaut’ in the *Field*. The fact is, that the associations connected with his old haunts have caused a temporary relapse into his old disease. To-morrow he will be again a domestic parson, teaching a Sunday school. To-day he has got back into his old life. He resided at the University for, say, 800 days, excluding Sundays and vacations. Of those, he passed 790 on the river, and during nine of the remainder he was laid up with a strain caused by his exertions. The remaining day, which he wasted in lionizing his mother and sisters, he will regret as long as he lives. Years afterwards he will date events by the University races of the time. The Crimean war, he will say, broke out in the year of ‘the eighteen-inch race,’ i.e. the race when Oxford beat

Cambridge at Henley by that distance. That race was in fact the most prevailing topic of his meditations during the year. It was the culminating event of a series of which the year was made up. Every morning, at that period, he was up at seven o'clock, and took his tub after half-an-hour's trot. His breakfast, according to a superstition not yet extinct, was raw beefsteak. His supper was oatmeal porridge. He measured his wine (except on occasional jollifications) with the careful eye of a jailer distributing an allowance. He did not smoke for fear of injuring his wind. The only ornaments in his rooms were cups or 'pewters' won on the river. His dress always included the colours of his club. His library consisted chiefly of the *Boating Almanack* and back numbers of *Bell's Life*. He bitterly grudged the hour which he daily devoted to the process of being 'crammed' for his degree, and was only partially pacified when he had to solve the small arithmetical puzzles in which examples are taken from the river; for a boating-man always loves a small joke. His conversation only varied by referring at one season of the year to the sculls, and at another to the fours; and he always had a party of friends like-minded with himself to discuss such matters over a glass of wine.

After all, this is not an exaggerated account of a certain not uncommon type of undergraduates. Their sphere of thought is somewhat limited; but they are very good fellows, and are excellent raw material for country parsons, or for any other profession where much thinking power is not required.

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834-1896

*Some Hints on Pattern-Designing*¹

BY the word pattern-design, of which I have undertaken to speak to you to-night, I mean the ornamentation of a surface by work that is not imitative or historical, at any rate, not principally or essentially so. Such work is often not literally flat, for it may be carving or moulded work in plaster or pottery; but whatever material relief it may have is given to it for the sake of beauty and richness, and not for the sake of imitation, or to tell a fact directly; so that people have called this art ornamental art, though indeed all real art is ornamental.

Now, before we go further, we may as well ask ourselves what reason or right this so-called ornamental art has to existence? We might answer the question shortly by saying that it seems clear that mankind has hitherto determined to have it even at the cost of a good deal of labour and trouble: an answer good enough to satisfy our consciences that we are not necessarily wasting our time in meeting here to consider it; but we may furthermore try to get at the reasons that have forced men in the mass always to expect to have what to some of them doubtless seems an absurd superfluity of life.

I do not know a better way of getting at these reasons than for each of us to suppose himself to be in the room in which he will have to pass a good part of his life, the said

¹ A part of the lecture delivered at the Working Men's College, London, December 10, 1881.

room being quite bare of ornament, and to be there that he may consider what he can do to make the bare walls pleasant and helpful to him; I say the walls, because, after all, the widest use of pattern-designing is the clothing of the walls of a room, hall, church, or what building you will. Doubtless there will be some, in these days at least, who will say, 'Tis most helpful to me to let the bare walls alone.' So also there would be some who, when asked with what manner of books they will furnish their room, would answer, 'With none.' But I think you will agree with me in thinking that both these sets of people would be in an unhealthy state of mind, and probably of body also; in which case we need not trouble ourselves about their whims, since it is with healthy and sane people only that art has dealings.

Again, a healthy and sane person being asked with what kind of art he would clothe his walls, might well answer, 'With the best art,' and so end the question. Yet, out on it! so complex is human life, that even this seemingly most reasonable answer may turn out to be little better than an evasion.

For I suppose the best art to be the pictured representation of men's imaginings; what they have thought has happened to the world before their time, or what they deem they have seen with the eyes of the body or the soul: and the imaginings thus represented are always beautiful indeed, but oftenest stirring to men's passions and aspirations, and not seldom sorrowful or even terrible.

Stories that tell of men's aspirations for more than material life can give them, their struggles for the future welfare of their race, their unselfish love, their unrequited

service: things like this are the subjects for the best art; in such subjects there is hope surely, yet the aspect of them is likely to be sorrowful enough: defeat the seed of victory; and death, the seed of life, will be shown on the face of most of them.

Take note, too, that in the best art all these solemn and awful things are expressed clearly and without any vagueness, with such life and power that they impress the beholder so deeply that he is brought face to face with the very scenes, and lives among them for a time; so raising his life above the daily tangle of small things that wearies him, to the level of the heroism which they represent.

This is the best art; and who can deny that it is good for us all that it should be at hand to stir our emotions: yet its very greatness makes it a thing to be handled carefully, for we cannot always be having our emotions deeply stirred: that wearies us body and soul; and man, an animal that longs for rest like other animals, defends himself against the weariness by hardening his heart, and refusing to be moved every hour of the day by tragic emotions; nay, even by beauty that claims his attention over-much.

Such callousness is bad, both for the arts and our own selves; and therefore it is not so good to have the best art for ever under our eyes, though it is abundantly good that we should be able to get at it from time to time.

Meantime, I cannot allow that it is good for any hour of the day to be wholly stripped of life and beauty; therefore we must provide ourselves with lesser (I will not say worse) art with which to surround our common workaday or restful times; and for those times, I think, it will be enough for us to clothe our daily and domestic walls with ornament

that reminds us of the outward face of the earth, of the innocent love of animals, or of man passing his days between work and rest as he does. I say, with ornament that reminds us of these things, and sets our minds and memories at work easily creating them; because scientific representation of them would again involve us in the problems of hard fact and the troubles of life, and so once more destroy our rest for us.

If this lesser art will really be enough to content us, it is a good thing; for as to the higher art there never can be very much of it going on, since but few people can be found to do it; also few can find money enough to possess themselves of any portion of it, and, if they could, it would be a piece of preposterous selfishness to shut it up from other people's eyes; while of the secondary art there ought to be abundance for all men, so much that you need but call in the neighbours, and not all the world, to see your pretty new wall when it is finished.

But this kind of art must be suggestive rather than imitative; because, in order to have plenty of it, it must be a kind of work that is not too difficult for ordinary men with imaginations capable of development; men from whom you cannot expect miracles of skill, and from whose hands you must not ask too much, lest you lose what their intelligence has to give you, by over-wearying them. Withal, the representation of this lower kind of life is pretty sure to become soulless and tiresome unless it have a soul given to it by the efforts of men forced by the limits of order and the necessities of art to think of these things for themselves, and so to give you some part of the infinite variety which abides in the mind of man.

Of course you understand that it is impossible to imitate nature literally; the utmost realism of the most realistic painter falls a long way short of that; and as to the work which must be done by ordinary men, not unskilled or dull to beauty, the attempt to attain to realism would be sure to result in obscuring their intelligence, and in starving you of all the beauty which you desire in your hearts, but which you have not learned to express by means of art.

Let us go back to our wall again, and think of it. If you are to put nothing on it but what strives to be a literal imitation of nature, all you can do is to have a few cut flowers or bits of boughs nailed to it, with perhaps a blue-bottle fly or a butterfly here and there. Well, I don't deny that this may make good decoration now and then, but if all decoration had to take that form I think weariness of it would drive you to a white-washed wall; and at the best it is a very limited view to take of nature.

Is it not better to be reminded, however simply, of the close vine-trellis that keeps out the sun by the Nile side; or of the wild woods and their streams, with the dogs panting beside them; or of the swallows sweeping above the garden boughs toward the house-eaves where their nestlings are, while the sun breaks the clouds on them; or of the many-flowered summer meadows of Picardy? Is not all this better than having to count day after day a few sham-real boughs and flowers, casting sham-real shadows on your walls, with little hint of anything beyond Covent Garden in them?

You may be sure that any decoration is futile, and has fallen into at least the first stage of degradation, when it does not remind you of something beyond itself, of something of which it is but a visible symbol.

Now, to sum up, what we want to clothe our walls with is (1) something that it is possible for us to get; (2) something that is beautiful; (3) something which will not drive us either into unrest or into callousness; (4) something which reminds us of life beyond itself, and which has the impress of human imagination strong on it; and (5) something which can be done by a great many people without too much difficulty and with pleasure.

These conditions I believe to have been fulfilled by the pattern-designers in all times when art has been healthy, and to have been all more or less violated when art has been unhealthy and unreal. In such evil times beauty has given place to whim, imagination to extravagance, nature to sick nightmare fancies, and finally workmanlike considerate skill, which refuses to allow either the brain or the hand to be over-taxed, which, without sparing labour when necessary, refuses sternly to waste it, has given place to commercial trickery sustained by laborious botching.

Now, I have been speaking of what may be called the moral qualities of the art we are thinking of; let us try, therefore, to shorten their names, and have one last word on them before we deal with the material or technical part.

Ornamental pattern-work, to be raised above the contempt of reasonable men, must possess three qualities: beauty, imagination, and order.

'Tis clear I need not waste many words on the first of these. You will be drawing water with a sieve with a vengeance if you cannot manage to make ornamental work beautiful.

As for the second quality, imagination: the necessity for that may not be so clear to you, considering the humble

nature of our art; yet you will probably admit, when you come to think of it, that every work of man which has beauty in it must have some meaning in it also; that the presence of any beauty in a piece of handicraft implies that the mind of the man who made it was more or less excited at the time, was lifted somewhat above the commonplace; that he had something to communicate to his fellows which they did not know or feel before, and which they would never have known or felt if he had not been there to force them to it.

I want you to think of this when you see, as, unfortunately, you are only too likely often to see, some lifeless imitation of a piece of bygone art, and are puzzled to know why it does not satisfy you. The reason is that the imitator has not entered into the soul of the dead artist; nay, has supposed that he had but a hand and no soul, and so has not known what he meant to do. I dwell on this, because it forces on us the conclusion that if we cannot have an ornamental art of our own, we cannot have one at all. Every real work of art, even the humblest, is inimitable. I am most sure that all the heaped-up knowledge of modern science, all the energy of modern commerce, all the depth and spirituality of modern thought, cannot reproduce so much as the handiwork of an ignorant, superstitious Berkshire peasant of the fourteenth century; nay, of a wandering Kurdish shepherd, or of a skin-and-bone oppressed Indian ryot. This, I say, I am sure of; and to me the certainty is not depressing, but inspiring, for it bids us remember that the world has been noteworthy for more than one century and one place, a fact which we are pretty much apt to forget.

Now as to the third of the essential qualities of our art: order. I have to say of it, that without it neither the beauty nor the imagination could be made visible; it is the bond of their life, and as good as creates them, if they are to be of any use to people in general. Let us see, therefore, with what instruments it works, how it brings together the material and spiritual sides of the craft.

I have already said something of the way in which it deals with the materials which nature gives it, and how, as it were, it both builds a wall against vagueness and opens a door therein for imagination to come in by. Now, this is done by means of treatment which is called, as one may say technically, the conventionalizing of nature. That is to say, order invents certain beautiful and natural forms, which, appealing to a reasonable and imaginative person, will remind him not only of the part of nature which, to his mind at least, they represent, but also of much that lies beyond that part. I have already hinted at some reasons for this treatment of natural objects. You can't bring a whole countryside, or a whole field, into your room, nor even a whole bush; and, moreover, only a very specially skilled craftsman can make any approach to what might pass with us in moments of excitement for an imitation of such-like things. These are limitations which are common to every form of the lesser arts; but, besides these, every material in which household goods are fashioned imposes certain special limitations within which the craftsman must work. Here again, is the wall of order against vagueness, and the door of order for imagination. For you must understand from the first that these limitations are as far as possible from being hindrances to beauty in the several

crafts. On the contrary, they are incitements and helps to its attainment; those who find them irksome are not born craftsmen, and the periods of art that try to get rid of them are declining periods.

Now this must be clear to you, if you come to think of it. Give an artist a piece of paper, and say to him, 'I want a design,' and he must ask you, 'What for? What's to be done with it?' And if you can't tell him, well, I dare not venture to mention the name which his irritation will give you. But if you say, I want this queer space filled with ornament, I want you to make such and such a pretty thing out of these intractable materials, straightway his invention will be quickened, and he will set to work with a will; for, indeed, delight in skill lies at the root of all art.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

1840-1893

Personal Style

A SURVEY of language, however superficial, makes it evident that when we speak of style, we have to take into account those qualities of national character which are embodied in national speech. If two men could be born of precisely the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at precisely the same moment of history, and under precisely the same social conditions; and if these men learned different languages in the cradle, and used those languages in after life, they would be unable to deliver exactly the same message to the world through literature. The dominant qualities of each mother-tongue would

impose definite limitations on their power of expressing thoughts, however similar or identical those thoughts might be.

We cannot conceive two men born with the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at the same moment, under precisely the same conditions, and using the same language. They would be identical; and everything they uttered would be clothed with exactly the same words. The absurdity of this conception brings home to us the second aspect of style. Style is not merely a sign of those national qualities which are generic to established languages, and which constitute the so-called genius of a race. It is also the sign of personal qualities, specific to individuals, which constitute the genius of a man. Whatever a man utters from his heart and head is the index of his character. The more remarkable a person is, the more strongly he is differentiated from the average of human beings, the more salient will be the characteristic notes of his expression. But even the commonest people have, each of them, a specific style. The marks of difference become microscopical as we descend from Dante or Shakespeare to the drudges of the clerk's desk in one of our great cities. Yet these marks exist, and are no less significant of individuality than the variations between leaf and leaf upon the lime-trees of an avenue.

It may be asked whether the manner of expression peculiar to any person is a complete index to his character—whether, in other words, there is ‘an art to find the mind’s construction’ in the style. Not altogether and exhaustively. Not all the actions and the utterances of an individual betray the secret of his personality. You may

live with men and women through years, by day, by night, yet you will never know the whole about them. No human being knows the whole about himself.

The delicate attitude adopted by a literary writer implies circumspection; invites suppression, reservation, selection; is compatible with affectation, dissimulation, hypocrisy. So much cannot be claimed for critical analysis as that we should pretend to reproduce a man's soul after close examination of his work. What we may assert with confidence is that the qualities of style are intimately connected with the qualities and limitations of the writer, and teach us much about him. He wrote thus and thus, because he was this or this. In the exercise of style it is impossible for any one to transcend his inborn and acquired faculties of ideation, imagination, sense-perception, verbal expression—just as it is impossible in the exercise of strength for an athlete to transcend the limits of his physical structure, powers of innervation, dexterity, and courage. The work of art produced by a writer is therefore of necessity complexioned and determined by the inborn and acquired faculties of the individual. This is what we mean by the hackneyed epigram: *Le style c'est l'homme*.

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Certain broad distinctions of moral and emotional temperament may undoubtedly be detected in literary style. A tendency toward exaggeration, toward self-revelation, toward emphasis upon the one side; a tendency to reserve, to diminished tone in colouring, to parsimony or rhetorical resource upon the other; these indicate expansiveness or reticence in the writer. Victor Hugo differs by the breadth

of the whole heavens from Leopardi. One man is ironical by nature, another sentimental. Sterne and Heine have a common gift of humour; but the quality of humour in each case is conditioned by sympathetic or by caustic undercurrents of emotion. Sincerity and affectation, gaiety and melancholy, piety and scepticism, austerity and sensuality penetrate style so subtly and unmistakably that a candid person cannot pose as the mere slave of convention, a boon companion cannot pass muster for an anchorite, the founder of a religious sect cannot play the part of an agnostic. In dramatic work the artist creates characters alien from his own personality, and exhibits people widely different from himself acting and talking as they ought to do. This he achieves by sympathy and intuition. Yet all except the very greatest fail to render adequately what they have not felt and been. In playwrights of the second order, like our Fletcher, or of the third order, like our Byron, the individual who writes the tragedy and shapes the characters is always apparent under every mask he chooses to assume. And even the style of the greatest, their manner of presenting the varieties of human nature, betrays individual peculiarities. Aeschylus sees men and women differently from Sophocles, Corneille from Racine, Shakespeare from Goethe.

In like manner the broad distinctions of mental temperament may be traced in style. The abstract thinker differs from the concrete thinker in his choice of terms; the analytical from the synthetic; the ratiocinative from the intuitive; the logical from the imaginative; the scientific from the poetical. One man thinks in images, another in formal propositions. One is diffuse, and gets his thought out by reiterated statement. Another makes epigrams, and

finds some difficulty in expanding their sense or throwing light upon them by illustrations. One arrives at conclusions by the way of argument. Another clothes assertion with the tropes and metaphors of rhetoric.

The same is true of physical and aesthetical qualities. They are felt inevitably in style. The sedentary student does not use the same figures of speech as come naturally to the muscular and active lover of field sports. According as the sense for colour, or for sound, or for light, or for form shall preponderate in a writer's constitution, his language will abound in references to the world, viewed under conditions of colour, sound, light, or form. He will insensibly dwell upon those aspects of things which stimulate his sensibility and haunt his memory. Thus, too, predilections for sea or mountains, for city-life or rural occupations, for flowers, precious stones, scents, birds, animals, insects, different kinds of food, torrid or temperate climates, leave their mark on literary style.

Acquired faculties and habits find their expression in style no less than inborn qualities. Education, based upon humanism or scientific studies; contact with powerful personalities at an impressible period of youth; enthusiasm aroused for this or that great masterpiece of literature; social environment; high or low birth; professional training for the bar, the church, medicine, or commerce; life in the army, at sea, upon a farm, and so forth, tinge the mind and give a more or less perceptible colour to language.

The use of words itself yields, upon analysis, valuable results illustrative of the various temperaments of authors. A man's vocabulary marks him out as of this sort or that sort—his preference for certain syntactical forms, for short

sentences or for periods, for direct or inverted propositions, for plain or figurative statement, for brief or amplified illustrations. Some compose sentences, but do not build paragraphs—like Emerson; some write chapters, but cannot construct a book. Nor is punctuation to be disregarded, inasmuch as stops enable us to measure a writer's sense of time-values, and the importance he attaches to several degrees of rest and pause.

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It is impossible to do more than indicate some of the leading points which illustrate the meaning of the saying that style is the man; any one can test them and apply them for himself. We not only feel that Walter Scott *did not* write like Thackeray, but we also know that he *could not* write like Thackeray, and vice versa. This impossibility of one man producing work in exactly the same manner as another makes all deliberate attempts at imitation assume the form of parody or caricature. The sacrifice of individuality involved in scrupulous addiction to one great master of Latin prose, Cicero, condemned the best stylists of the Renaissance—men like Muretus—to lifeless and eventually worthless production. Meanwhile the exact psychology is wanting which would render our intuitions regarding the indissoluble link between style and personal character irrefutable.

Literary style is more a matter of sentiment, emotion, involuntary habits of feeling and observing, constitutional sympathy with the world and men, tendencies of curiosity and liking, than of the pure intellect. The style of scientific works, affording little scope for the exercise of these psycho-

logical elements, throws less light upon their authors' temperament than does the style of poems, novels, essays, books of travel, descriptive criticism. In the former case all that need be aimed at is lucid exposition of fact and vigorous reasoning. In the latter the fact to be stated, the truth to be arrived at, being of a more complex nature, involves a process akin to that of the figurative arts. The stylist has here to produce the desired effect by suggestions of infinite subtlety, and to present impressions made upon his sensibility.

Autobiographies, epistolary correspondence, notes of table-talk, are of the highest value in determining the correlation between a writer's self and his style. We not only derive a mass of information about Goethe's life from Eckermann, but we also discover from those conversations in how true a sense the style of Goethe's works grew out of his temperament and experience. Gibbon and Rousseau, Alfieri and Goldoni, Samuel Johnson in his *Life* by Boswell, John Stuart Mill in his autobiographical essay, Petrarch in his *Secretum* and fragment of personal confessions, have placed similar keys within our reach for unlocking the secret of their several manners.

The rare cases in which men of genius have excelled in more than one branch of art are no less instructive. Michelangelo the sonnet-writer helps us to understand Michelangelo the sculptor. Rossetti the painter throws light on Rossetti the poet; William Blake the lyrist upon William Blake the draughtsman. We find, on comparing the double series of work offered by such eminent and exceptionally gifted individuals, that their styles in literature and plastic art possess common qualities, which mark

the men and issue from their personalities. Michelangelo in the sonnets is as abstract, as ideal, as form-loving, as indifferent to the charm of brilliant colour, as neglectful of external nature as Michelangelo in his statues and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Rossetti's pictures, with their wealth of colour, their elaborate execution, their sharp incisive vision, their deep imaginative mysticism and powerful perfume of intellectual sensuousness, present a close analogue to his ballads, sonnets, and descriptive poems. With these and similar instances in our mind, we are prepared to hear that Victor Hugo designed pictures in the style of Gustave Doré; nor would it surprise us to discover that Gustave Doré had left odes or fiction in the manner of Victor Hugo.

The problems suggested by style as a sign and index of personality may be approached from many points of view. I have not aimed at exhaustiveness even of suggestion in my treatment of the topic; and while saying much which will appear perhaps trivial and obvious, have omitted some of the subtler and more interesting aspects of the matter. A systematic criticism of personal style would require a volume, and would demand physiological and psychological knowledge which is rarely found in combination with an extensive study of literatures and arts.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

1848-1887

The July Grass

A JULY fly went sideways over the long grass. His wings made a burr about him like a net, beating so fast they wrapped him round with a cloud. Every now and then, as he flew over the trees of grass, a taller one than common stopped him, and there he clung, and then the eye had time to see the scarlet spots—the loveliest colour—on his wings. The wind swung the bennet and loosened his hold, and away he went again over the grasses, and not one jot did he care if they were *Poa* or *Festuca*, or *Bromus* or *Hordeum*, or any other name. Names were nothing to him; all he had to do was to whirl his scarlet spots about in the brilliant sun, rest when he liked, and go on again. I wonder whether it is a joy to have bright scarlet spots, and to be clad in the purple and gold of life; is the colour felt by the creature that wears it? The rose, restful of a dewy morn before the sunbeams have topped the garden wall, must feel a joy in its own fragrance, and know the exquisite hue of its stained petals. The rose sleeps in its beauty.

The fly whirls his scarlet-spotted wings about and splashes himself with sunlight, like the children on the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun; he does not heed them at all—and that is why he is so happy—any more than the barefoot children ask why the sea is there, or why it does not quite dry up when it ebbs. He is unconscious; he lives without thinking about living; and if

the sunshine were a hundred hours long, still it would not be long enough. No, never enough of sun and sliding shadows that come like a hand over the table to lovingly reach our shoulder, never enough of the grass that smells sweet as a flower, not if we could live years and years equal in number to the tides that have ebbed and flowed counting backwards four years to every day and night, backward still till we found out which came first, the night or the day. The scarlet-dotted fly knows nothing of the names of the grasses that grow here where the sward nears the sea, and thinking of him I have decided not to wilfully seek to learn any more of their names either. My big grass book I have left at home, and the dust is settling on the gold of the binding. I have picked a handful this morning of which I know nothing. I will sit here on the turf and the scarlet-dotted flies shall pass over me, as if I too were but a grass. I will not think, I will be unconscious, I will live.

Listen! that was the low sound of a summer wavelet striking the uncovered rock over there beneath in the green sea. All things that are beautiful are found by chance, like everything that is good. Here by me is a praying-rug, just wide enough to kneel on, of the richest gold interwoven with crimson. All the Sultans of the East never had such beauty as that to kneel on. It is, indeed, too beautiful to kneel on, for the life in these golden flowers must not be broken down even for that purpose. They must not be defaced, not a stem bent; it is more reverent not to kneel on them, for this carpet prays itself. I will sit by it and let it pray for me. It is so common, the bird's-foot lotus, it grows everywhere; yet if I purposely searched for days I should not have found a plot

like this, so rich, so golden, so glowing with sunshine. You might pass it by in one stride, yet it is worthy to be thought of for a week and remembered for a year. Slender grasses, branched round about with slenderer boughs, each tipped with pollen and rising in tiers cone-shaped—too delicate to grow tall—cluster at the base of the mound. They dare not grow tall or the wind would snap them. A great grass, stout and thick, rises three feet by the hedge, with a head another foot nearly, very green and strong and bold, lifting itself right up to you; you must say, 'What a fine grass!' Grasses whose awns succeed each other alternately; grasses whose tops seem flattened; others drooping over the shorter blades beneath; some that you can only find by parting the heavier growth around them; hundreds and hundreds, thousands and thousands. The kingly poppies on the dry summit of the mound take no heed of these, the populace, their subjects so numerous they cannot be numbered. A barren race they are, the proud poppies, lords of the July field, taking no deep root, but raising up a brilliant blazon of scarlet heraldry out of nothing. They are useless, they are bitter, they are allied to sleep and poison and everlasting night; yet they are forgiven because they are not commonplace. Nothing, no abundance of them, can ever make the poppies commonplace. There is genius in them, the genius of colour, and they are saved. Even when they take the room of the corn we must admire them. The mighty multitude of nations, the millions and millions of the grass stretching away in intertangled ranks, through pasture and mead from shore to shore, have no kinship with these their lords. The ruler is always a foreigner. From England to China the native born is no king; the poppies are the

Normans of the field. One of these on the mound is very beautiful, a width of petal, a clear silkiness of colour three shades higher than the rest—it is almost dark with scarlet. I wish I could do something more than gaze at all this scarlet and gold and crimson and green, something more than see it, not exactly to drink it or inhale it, but in some way to make it part of me that I might live it.

The July grasses must be looked for in corners and out-of-the-way places, and not in the broad acres—the scythe has taken them there. By the wayside on the banks of the lane, near the gateway—look, too, in uninteresting places behind incomplete buildings on the mounds cast up from abandoned foundations where speculation has been and gone. There weeds that would not have found resting-place elsewhere grow unchecked, and uncommon species and unusually large growths appear. Like everything else that is looked for, they are found under unlikely conditions. At the back of ponds, just inside the enclosure of woods, angles of cornfields, old quarries, that is where to find grasses, or by the sea in the brackish marsh. Some of the finest of them grow by the mere roadside; you may look for others up the lanes in the deep ruts, look too inside the hollow trees by the stream. In a morning you may easily garner together a great sheaf of this harvest. Cut the larger stems aslant, like the reeds imitated deep in old green glass. You must consider as you gather them the height and slenderness of the stems, the droop and degree of curve, the shape and colour of the panicle, the dusting of the pollen, the motion and sway in the wind. The sheaf you may take home with you, but the wind that was among it stays without.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

Walking Tours

IT must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curaao in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavour is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and

come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savourless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such a one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes farther and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. 'I cannot see the wit,' says Hazlitt, 'of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country,' which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, 'give three leaps and go on singing'. And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm in arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles,

delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me, that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:

'Give me the clear blue sky over my head,' says he, 'and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.'

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and

foolish as our neighbours. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly

great. As the day goes on, the traveller moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you, and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête

on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. 'Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,' says Milton, 'he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness.' And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and

harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favour. 'It was on the 10th of April 1798,' says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, 'that I sat down to a volume of the *New Heloise*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken.' I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been 'happy thinking'. It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid, habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humour of all social

heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains; your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weathercock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys. Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite

NOTES

N.B. *Notes are not given on words and phrases defined in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. The sources of the Essays and their authors' dates are given in the List of Contents.*

INTRODUCTION (pp. 7-20)

Page 8, line 8. '*red fool-fury of the Seine*': Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, cxxvi. The French Revolution.

10. *Crimean War*: 1854-6, in which Britain, allied with France, helped Turkey to limit Russia's influence in the Balkan peninsula.

14. *one of their great orators*: the statesman, W. E. Gladstone (1809-98), in a speech (12 May 1884) in defence of his Sudan policy, said, 'These are a people struggling to be free, and rightly struggling to be free.'

23. *Lord Shaftesbury*: a philanthropic reformer of industrial and social evils (1801-85).

24. *Carlyle*: see note, p. 174.

Dickens: Charles, novelist (1812-70).

P. 9, l. 8. *Macaulay*: see note, p. 176.

Disraeli: Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, statesman and man of letters (1804-81).

J. S. Mill: philosopher (1806-73).

9. *Herbert Spencer*: philosopher (1820-1903).

Matthew Arnold: see note, p. 183.

Millais: Sir John, painter (1829-96).

George Meredith: novelist and poet (1829-1909).

12. *Darwin*: Charles, naturalist (1809-82).

Tennyson: Alfred, Lord, poet (1809-92).

13. *Thackeray*: see note, p. 181.

14. *Robert Browning*: poet (1812-89).

15. *Charlotte Brontë*: novelist (1816-55).

17. *George Eliot*: (Mary Ann Cross), novelist (1819-80).

Charles Kingsley: the Rev., author (1819-75).

Ruskin: John, author, artist, and social reformer (1819-1900).

26. *Vanity Fair*: by Thackeray.

Jane Eyre: by Charlotte Brontë.

27. *Modern Painters*: by Ruskin.

28. *History*: of England.

Footnote. *Lincoln*: Abraham, President of the United States, abolished slavery there (1809-65).

Poe: Edgar Allan, author (1809-49).

P. 10, l. 2. *Sir Edward Clarke*: K.C., politician (1841-1930).

17. *Pendennis*: by Thackeray.

18. *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*: by Robert Browning.

19. *Maud*: by Tennyson. *Men and Women*: by Browning. *The Virginians*: by Thackeray.

20. *third and fourth volumes*: of the *History of England*.

21. *Idylls of the King*: by Tennyson.

Adam Bede: by George Eliot.

22. *The Tale of Two Cities*: by Dickens.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel: by George Meredith.

23. *Rubaiyat*: his translation of the *Rubaiyat* (quatrains) of Omar Khayyam.

28. *first published poems*: *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* and *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*, respectively. A note on William Morris is given on p. 189.

30. *first novel*: *The Macdermotts of Ballycloran* (1847) was a failure. Anthony Trollope (1815-82) gained his first success with *The Warden* (1855).

Mrs. Gaskell: novelist (1810-65).

31. *best work*: *Alton Locke* (1850), *Hyppatia* (1853), *Westward Ho!* (1855).

P. 11, l. 2. *ill-advised adventure*: see note on John Henry Newman, p. 178.

9. *The wind blows, &c.*: St. John iii. 8.

P. 12, l. 9. *Scott*: Sir Walter, novelist and poet (1771-1832).

10. *Jane Austen*: novelist (1775-1817).

25. *Mr. Chesterton*: G. K., author, born 1874.

30. *Mirabeau*: Gabriel, Comte de (1749-91), leading figure in the French Revolution.

P. 13, l. 9. *two or three lyrics*: the best known are *Airly Beacon* and *The Sands of Dee*.

18. *Lewis Carroll*: pseudonym of C. L. Dodgson (1832-98), author of *Alice in Wonderland*.

P. 14, l. 14. *one of the Prophets*: like Saul, 1 Samuel x. 12.

15. *into the pulpit*: metaphorical.

19. *Philistines*: a term first used by Carlyle (see p. 24, l. 2) and adopted by Matthew Arnold for persons deficient in culture and enlightenment.

26. *Bishop Butler*: Joseph, of Durham (1692-1752).

29. *Bishop Wilson*: Thomas, of Sodor and Man (1663-1755).

P. 15, l. 3. *Sweetness and Light*: mentioned in a fable in *The Battle of the Books* by Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) as 'the two noblest of things'.

11. *catena*: L., chain or series.

13. *John Morley*: Lord Morley, statesman and scholar (1838-1923).

22. *Froude*: see note, p. 182.

Freeman: E. A., historian of the Norman Conquest (1823-92).

28. *Thucydides*: Greek historian of the Peloponnesian War, fifth century B.C.

P. 16, l. 1. *Sir G. Trevelyan*: author and statesman (1838-1928).

6. *Turner*: Joseph M., landscape painter (1775-1851).

8. *Pre-Raphaelites*: a group of painters consisting originally of Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti, which aimed at cultivating the spirit and methods of the early Italian painters.

Watts: G. F. (1817-1904), painter and sculptor.

9. *Frederick Walker*: painter and illustrator (1840-75).

Cecil Lawson: landscape painter (1851-82).

14. *Faraday*: Michael, scientist famous for electrical discoveries (1791-1867).

Foucault: J. P., physicist (1818-89).

Kelvin: William Thomson, Lord, physicist (1824-1907).

Lyell: Sir Charles, geologist (1797-1875).

23. *W. K. Clifford*: mathematician and philosopher (1845-79).

F. M. Balfour: naturalist (1851-82).

24. *Huxley*: see note, p. 185.

31. *Heraclitus*: Greek philosopher, fifth century B.C.

Lamarck: French naturalist (1744-1820).

P. 17, l. 2. *Vestiges of Creation*: by Robert Chambers (1802-71).

11. *Wallace*: A. R., naturalist (1823-1913).

18. *Owen*: Sir Richard, naturalist (1804-92).

23. *Newton*: Isaac, natural philosopher (1642-1727).

24. *Romanes*: G. J., man of science (1848-94).

P. 18, l. 4. *Revelation*: Divine purpose as revealed in the Bible, particularly in the closing book of the New Testament.

7. *Samuel Wilberforce*: Bishop of Oxford and later of Winchester (1805-73).

l. 21. *Farmers' Ordinary*: a meal provided for farmers in a tavern.

26. *duel with Sir Robert Peel*: on the question of the repeal of the corn laws, 1846.

P. 19, l. 4. *he pulverized, &c.*: his attack on the Broad Church party was calculated to please his hearers, who were opposed to it, and to predispose them to the speaker's peroration.

l. 7. *Stanley*: A. P., Dean of Westminster (1815-81).

Fowett: Benjamin, classical scholar and Master of Balliol College, Oxford (1817-93).

Maurice: F. D., divine and essayist (1805-72).

16. *since 'Coxcombs . . .'*: a quotation from an *Essay on Satire* by John Brown (1715-66). George Berkeley (1685-1753) was the author of a *Treatise concerning Human Knowledge*. It met with sneers but no definite criticism which he could try to refute.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Historian and philosophical writer, born and educated in Scotland, but chiefly connected with Chelsea, London, where he lived after 1834. His most famous works are two histories, *Frederick the Great*, *The French Revolution* (of which the original manuscript was accidentally burnt by John Stuart Mill), and *On Heroes and Hero-Worship, Past and Present*, and *Sartor Resartus*. His biography was written by his friend James Anthony Froude. (Carlyle's jets of words in *The Opera* contrast strongly with the steady stream in *The Life of Bunyan* that poured from the pen of Lord Macaulay.)

The Opera (pp. 21-8)

P. 21, ll. 1-13. The 'covering letter' is make-believe.

22. *vates*: L., scer.

Footnote. Barry Cornwall (1787-1874) was a poet and the author of a biography of Charles Lamb.

P. 22, l. 4. *Asaph*: composer of several of the Psalms (e.g. nos. 73-83).

10. *Bedlamite*: inmate of 'Bedlam', a London lunatic asylum once situated in the priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem.

17. *Tyrtaeus*: a Greek poet.

18. *Barbers of Seville*: *The Barber of Seville* is an opera by Rossini (1792-1868).

21. *Sophocles*: Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides (fifth century B.C.) are the greatest Greek tragedians.

P. 23, l. 6. *sphere-harmonies*: the Greek philosopher Pythagoras originated a theory that the universe was controlled by laws of musical harmony.

17. *Alraschid*: Harun-al-Rashid, Caliph of Bagdad (786-809), see *The Arabian Nights*.

P. 24, l. 1. *a blind Samson*: Judges xvi. 27. 'The Philistines' is here applied in the sense of 'uncultured people' (see Introduction, p. 14).

6. *breeds*: adapts.

10. *muslin saucers*: the short, stiff skirts of ballet dancers stand out from the hips like inverted saucers.

24. *Cerito, Taglioni*: well-known ballet dancers of the mid-nineteenth century.

28. *Semiramis*: a queen of Assyria, supposed to have built Babylon about 2000 B.C.

29. *Catherine the Second*: Empress of Russia (1762-96).

P. 25, l. 1. *Fortunatus*: to whom Fortune gave an unemptiable purse.

6. *Bellini*: a composer of operas (1802-35).

7. *the Stanfields*: well-known artists, e.g. Clarkson Stanfield (1794-1867).

9. *reduced Ireland, &c.*: a plan adopted by the Government in Ireland to relieve distress due to the famine in 1847.

18. *high-dizened*: dressed-up.

22. *Best of the World*: the word 'aristocracy' is derived from Gk. *aristos* = best; *-kratia* = rule.

31. *sackcloth and ashes*: Esther iv. 1.

P. 26, l. 4. *These two Muses*: of Lyric Poetry and Tragedy, respectively.

6. *Paphian*: relating to Venus, goddess of love, who was born in the waves near Paphos, Cyprus.

11. *Armida*: an enchantress in Tasso's epic poem *Gerusalemme Liberata* (1575).

19. *graciosity*: a coined word imitating 'pomposity'.

23. *Cleopatra*: queen of Egypt, who is said to have pledged her Roman lover Antony in a glass of liquid in which a pearl from her ear-drop had been dissolved, as an indication of his worth in her eyes.

P. 27, l. 1. *'the Melodies Eternal'*: perhaps 'sphere-harmonies'.

10. *Mozart*: (1756-91) the daintiness of whose compositions evidently displeased Carlyle.

16. *Richter*: a German humorist and philosopher (1763-1825).

P. 28, l. 11. *unveracity*: a coined word.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

Historian, essayist, poet, and politician. On leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, he became a barrister. He entered politics and became in turn a member of the Supreme Council of India, Secretary of State for War, and Paymaster-General. He was raised to the peerage in 1857. His long connexion with the *Edinburgh Review* began with an essay on Milton, and in this review appeared most of his later essays, on historical and literary subjects. Besides the *Essays* his best-known works are the *History of England* and (on a smaller scale) *The Lays of Ancient Rome*.

(Occasional allusions to the *Pilgrim's Progress* have not been glossed, as it is assumed that the reader will identify them from a knowledge of that work.)

The Life of John Bunyan (pp. 28-47)

P. 29, l. 13. *Southey*: Robert Southey, English poet and writer, whose *Life of Bunyan* was published in 1830.

18. *brand plucked, &c.*: Zechariah iii. 2.

19. *Ivimey*: Joseph Ivimey, a minister and historian of the Baptist Church.

P. 30, l. 12. *Titus Oates*: falsely accused thirty-five people, who were executed for participating in a supposed anti-Protestant plot during the reign of Charles II. Under James II was flogged and imprisoned for perjury. Set at liberty by William III.

Mrs. Brownrigg: another eighteenth-century character, executed at Tyburn for torturing workhouse apprentices.

30. *Rochester*: the dissolute John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, friend of Charles II, and poet (1647-80).

P. 31, l. 5. *Sir Bewis*: a hero of medieval romance, from which recent research has shown that Bunyan gained ideas. See also p. 40, l. 27.

6. *Laud*: Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Charles I, 'a pious, sincere, and upright man without a grain of imagination or humour' (J. A. Williamson). Martyred 1645.

14. *the decisive campaign*: the struggle, partly on religious grounds, between Charles I and the Long Parliament, which began in 1642 and was decided by his rout at Naseby in 1645 by Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell. Which side Bunyan actually supported is unknown.

25. *Greatheart, &c.*: characters in *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Holy War*.

P. 33, l. 16. *the Turks*: Mohammedans.

26. *the unpardonable sin*: St. Mark xiv. 10, 11. Cf. p. 35, l. 2.

P. 34, l. 9. *Esau*: Gen. xxv. 29-34.

20. *Cain*: Gen. iv. 15.

27. *Francis Spira*: a sixteenth-century advocate who died in agony; a judgement, it was supposed, for being inconstant to his religious vows.

P. 36, l. 16. *Alexander the coppersmith*: 2 Tim. iv. 14.

P. 37, l. 12. *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*: a book by John Foxe (1576-87), describing the persecutions of the Protestants.

16. *he expressed*: but the handwriting is that of a subsequent owner of the book.

18. *the mystical Babylon*: the Roman Catholic religion.

P. 38, l. 16. *distinguishing tenet*: baptism of adult converts.

23. *Kiffin and Danvers, Robert Hall*: prominent Baptist ministers.

28. *the passions*: aroused by Cromwell's severe rule.

P. 39, l. 2. *the cage*: into which Christian (the principal character in the *Pilgrim's Progress*) was cast because he could not give satisfactory answers to the people of Vanity Fair.

12. *the treaty*: the secret Treaty of Dover, 1670, by virtue of which Charles received a large subsidy from Louis XIV of France.

21. *Persian king*: Cyrus. Ezra i.

30. *Before he left his prison*: 1675.

P. 40, l. 12. *London on the Lord Mayor's Day*: 9 November, when he celebrates the commencement of his year of office by a gay procession through the City, and a banquet.

22. *the Fairy Queen*: an allegorical poem by Spenser (1552-99).

P. 41, l. 10. *Will's*: a famous London coffee-house of that time, frequented by John Dryden and his friends.

11. *Jezebels*: wicked women. 1 Kings xvi. 31.

21. *Not a single copy of the first edition*: the edition of 1678 is looked upon as the first. A copy was subsequently found and a facsimile of it published in 1875.

P. 42, l. 6. *Don Quixote*: a Spanish novel by Cervantes (1547-1616).

P. 43, l. 24. *Monmouth*: the Duke of Monmouth raised a Protestant rebellion which was quashed at the battle of Sedgemoor, 1685.

28. *Baxter, Howe, Henry*: dissenting ministers.

P. 44, l. 9. *indulgence of 1672*: by which Charles II annulled penal statutes against Roman Catholics and other nonconformists.

24. *the Revolution*: of 1689, which led to a Protestant monarchy under William and Mary.

29. *Snow Hill*: a Central London street.

31. *Bunhill Fields*: an open space in Central London used as a burial ground during the Plague.

P. 45, l. 14. *Young*: the Rev. Edward Young (1683-1765), author of *Night Thoughts*.

15. *D'Urfey*: Tom D'Urfey (1653-1723), whose poems and plays were poor.

the Spiritual Quixote: a novel by Richard Graves (1715-1804).

16. *Jack the Giant-Killer and John Hickathrift*: two nursery-story heroes.

17. *Cowper*: William Cowper (1731-1800), author of *John Gilpin*, *The Task*, and other poems.

P. 46, l. 10. *pilgrimage of Hephzibah: The Female Pilgrim or The Travels of Hephzibah*.

16. *Tractarian*: see note on J. H. Newman, below.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

John Henry Newman was born in London, and graduated at Trinity College, Oxford. He was ordained, and became a tutor at Oriel College. With John Keble and E. B. Pusey, Newman led the Oxford ('High Church') Movement, in connexion with which they published many *Tracts for the Times*. Later he joined the Roman Catholic Church. He became Rector of Dublin Catholic University, and set down his educational aims and principles in *The Idea of a University*. Newman's famous *Apologia pro Vita Sua* ('Defence of his Life') was his answer to Charles Kingsley's assertion that he did not consider truth a necessary virtue (see Introduction, p. 11). He was created Cardinal in 1879.

The True Gentleman Defined (pp. 47-50)

P. 50, l. 6. *Francis de Sales*: Bishop of Geneva, founder of the Order of the Visitation and a reformer of monasteries (1567-1622).

Cardinal Pole: Archbishop of Canterbury, worked for the restoration of the ecclesiastical system shattered by Henry VIII (1500-58).

8. *Shaftesbury*: the third Earl, a moral philosopher (1671-1713).

Gibbon: Edward (1737-94), historian of the Roman Empire, became first a Roman Catholic, then a Protestant, and finally a rationalist.

Basil: Bishop of Caesarea, tried to unite the Churches of East and West (326-80).

Julian: a Roman Emperor who renounced Christianity and sought to restore paganism (331-63).

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

An American essayist, lecturer, and poet, born in Boston and educated at Harvard University. He entered and soon relinquished the Unitarian ministry, and became one of an American group of idealists influenced by German philosophy and Oriental literature. His essays were published in two series, in 1841 and 1844 respectively, with a preface by Thomas Carlyle. On the reputation he gained for some of his essays Emerson is spoken of as a teacher, and, as Matthew Arnold expressed it, 'a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit'. Emerson visited England twice and published *English Traits* in 1856.

Gifts (pp. 50-5)

P. 50, l. 18. *go into chancery*: have its affairs wound up.

P. 51, l. 21. *pertinences*: seasonable opportunities.

P. 52, l. 3. *the Furies*: deities responsible for punishment.

P. 53, l. 26. *Timons*: Lord Timon of Athens, represented by Shakespeare as a bountiful giver who came to hate everybody because they shunned him when he had spent his fortune.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Poet and miscellaneous writer, famous for three entertaining books, *The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, which set forth a series of conversations linked together by a narrative. Holmes was an American, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, who graduated at Harvard University and studied medicine in Paris. He became a Professor of Medicine at Harvard University, and for a time was co-editor with J. R. Lowell of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was a man of wide interests and scientific knowledge, compassionate yet capable of satire when provoked, and a brilliant talker.

My Last Walk with the Schoolmistress (pp. 55-63)

P. 56, l. 15. *Inferno*: hell, in the *Divine Comedy* by Dante (1265-1321).

P. 57, l. 4. *Lord Bacon*: philosopher and essayist (1561-1626).

5. *Balzac*: French novelist (1799-1850).

6. *Tupperian*: M. F. Tupper (1810-89), author of *Proverbial Philosophy* and other works. His name is a synonym for the commonplace.

P. 58, l. 1. *spread hands*: the lines were, "The chestnuts spread their palms like holy men in prayer".

10. *Raphael*: Italian painter (1483-1520).

27. *the Luxembourg*: a famous palace and picture gallery in Paris.

P. 60, ll. 22, 23. *Ruth, Boaz*: see the Book of Ruth, ii.

JOHN BROWN

A Scottish physician and essayist, a friend of John Ruskin and Thackeray. His essays, contributed for the most part to *The North British Review*, were reissued as *Horæ Subsecivæ* ('Leisure Hours') in three series, in 1858, 1861, and 1882. His most familiar work is *Rab and his Friends*, a pathetic sketch of a dog's devotion to his suffering mistress.

Toby (pp. 63-70)

P. 63, l. 9. *Sidney Smith*: Sydney Smith, a canon of St. Paul's, lecturer on moral philosophy, and a wit (1771-1845).

12. *bonnie wi' ill-fauredness*: 'comely in uncomeliness' (oxymoron).

P. 64, l. 4. '*him whom we saved from drowning*': see Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV, sc. iv.

15. *Tom Jones' infantile fist*: an allusion to the novel *Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding (1707-54).

24. *Pythagorean doctrine*: of transmigration of souls.

25. *Gilmerton*: a village near Edinburgh where the author lived.

P. 65, l. 10. *coup de queue*: F., 'a knock-out blow' with his tail, a play on *coup de main*.

24. *gurrin'*: onomatopoeia.

P. 67, l. 5. *gowl*: scowl (dialect).

10. *Athené*: the Greek goddess of wisdom and the arts and sciences, fabled to have sprung, an armed figure, from the head of Jove, the supreme deity.

15. *torvo vultu*: L., of a severe countenance.

24. *a very odd relic of paradise in the dog*: suggesting that before he became carnivorous the dog grouted for his food.

26. *the Assyrian*: 'The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold' Byron, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*.

28. *torve*: a facetious adaptation from *torvus* above, 'severe'.

P. 68, l. 14. *come on, Macduff*: A misquotation of 'Lay on, Macduff'. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, Act V, sc. vii, l. 62.

26. *Humane Society man*: the Royal Humane Society rewards rescuers of drowning persons.

P. 69, l. 5. *Sir Walter*: presumably Scott, who was a dog-lover.

20. *Rhadamanthine*: Rhadamanthus, the son of Jupiter and Europa, became at death one of the judges in the infernal regions.

23. *haur*: cold mist.

25. *Launce and Crab*: the clownish servant of Protheus and his dog. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV, sc. iv.

26. *'thus would I teach a dog'*: *ibid*.

Footnote. *George Webster*: identity obscure.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Novelist and miscellaneous writer in prose and verse, born in Calcutta, where his father was in the East India Company's service. He came to England as a child, and was educated at Charterhouse School, which figures in almost all his novels. From there he went to Cambridge, but took no degree. He studied art in Paris, and did much miscellaneous writing, chiefly for *Punch*, before he wrote his first novel *Vanity Fair*, illustrated by himself, in 1845-8. Other famous novels by him include *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, and *The Virginians*. The *Roundabout Papers* gained him a distinguished place among English essayists.

Ogres (pp. 70-80)

P. 71, l. 15. *Cornhill*: a London street and the name of the magazine in which this essay appeared.

P. 73, l. 2. *Fee, faw, fum!*: the ogre's snorts in *Jack and the Beanstalk*: 'Fee, fi, faw, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman: be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!'

25. *seven-leagued boots*: put on by Hop o' my Thumb in the traditional story of that name. His pace then measured seven leagues.

26. *Tom Thumb*: a dwarf in the court of King Arthur who was killed by the poisonous breath of a spider.

29. *Jack*: in the traditional story of *Jack the Giant Killer*.

P. 74, l. 7. *couteau de chasse*: F., hunting-knife.

P. 77, l. 15. *tu quoque*: L., you, too!

P. 78, l. 16. *ratelier*: F., set of teeth.

P. 79, l. 7. *Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Baring Brothers*: Bankers.

23. *Banbury Cross*: Oxfordshire.

25. *Polyphemus*: a one-eyed Cyclops who preyed upon the sailors of Ulysses in the Sicilian cave (Homer, *Odyssey*, ix).

28. *Sirens*: mythical monsters, half-woman, half-bird, who enticed seamen by their sweet song (Homer, *ibid.*, xii).

P. 80, l. 13. *Gillott's iron*: Thackeray's pen, manufactured by Joseph Gillott & Sons.

14. *Pegasus*: the winged horse of the Muses which mounted riderless to heaven and became a constellation.

16. *Flibbertygibbet*: a fiend who possessed 'poor Tom' in Shakespeare's *King Lear*; but here, probably, a gruesome name used for effect.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

Essayist and historian. He was associated with John Henry Newman in the Oxford Movement. When Newman joined the Roman Catholic Church Froude changed his religious views and relinquished his orders as an Anglican clergyman. His novel *The Nemesis of Faith* was publicly burned at Oxford for unorthodoxy, and he was asked to resign his fellowship at Exeter College.

His *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada* made him famous. As an essayist he is represented by four volumes of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. Other well-known works are his biography of Thomas Carlyle and *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*.

A Siding at a Railway Station (pp. 80-102)

P. 84, l. 18. *If a great estate, &c.*: if he inherited a great estate.

P. 85, l. 22. *salle d'attente*: F., waiting-room.

P. 90, l. 16. *Paris Exhibition*: 1867.

P. 91, l. 9. *cast*: overthrown.

14. *literally* refers to tradesmen, *metaphorically* to others who had adulterated their good work with less good.

P. 92, l. 29. *Tout le monde*: F., everybody.

P. 94, l. 17. *cup of Lethe*: a river in hell whose water caused forgetfulness (Greek mythology).

P. 96, l. 23. *a high spirit*: Christ.

P. 97, l. 24. '*the sins of his youth*': Psalm xxv. 7.

30. '*to fulfil the law*': the Epistle of James ii. 8.

P. 98, l. 8. *good works*: a pun on the double meaning of the word—deeds and writings.

P. 102, l. 2. *Daniel*: who interpreted the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel ii. 4).

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous Head Master of Rugby. He became a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and assistant master at Rugby, private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, an Inspector of Schools, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Of his poems the most familiar are *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Balder Dead*, and *The Scholar Gypsy*; his most important prose work, *Essays in Criticism*, set a new standard of literary criticism.

He was an ardent apostle of Culture (see Introduction, p. 14).

Friendship's Garland is presented as 'the conversations, letters, and opinions of the late Arminius Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh, collected and edited with a dedicatory letter to Adolescents Leo,¹ Esq., of *The Daily Telegraph* by Matthew Arnold'. For all its persiflage it is a book with a serious motive towards a more scientific method of dealing with public affairs.

I take up the Cudgels for Our Beloved Country (pp. 102-8)

(Grub Street, Chequer Alley, and Whitecross Street are in the Cripplegate district of Central London.)

P. 102, l. 8. *November 25*: this is the date given in the book. The date given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 25 November 1870, in which the letter was printed, is 'Thursday night', i.e. 24 November.

18. *the war*: the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1, culminating in the siege and fall of Paris.

P. 103, l. 1. *Mr. Bottles*: 'one of our representative industrial

¹ L., Young Lion.

men (something in the bottle way), a famous specimen of the great middle-class whose energy and self-reliance make England what it is, and who give the tone to our Parliament and to our policy.'

3. *this Russian business*: a note had been received by the British Government from Russia threatening to violate the Treaty of Paris, 1856, by which she had promised to observe the independence and neutrality of the Ottoman Empire after the Crimean War. In the following year (1871) the Black Sea Conference removed clauses objected to by Russia.

8. *Lord Shaftesbury's letter to the Times*: 19 November 1870, upholding the sacredness of a treaty obligation, but advocating a full, fair, and liberal consideration of the grievances of Russia. 'The tone and manner of Prince Gortschakoff's note, odious and ungentleman-like as it is, ought not to ruffle the patience of the British people.'

19. *tripe-shop*: the Balkans.

21. *Dr. Johnson*: Samuel Johnson (1709-84).

Two powerful labourers: Russia (Mike) and France (Dennis).

31. *Rev. J-hn B-ll*: Britain.

P. 104, l. 3. *He and Dennis, &c.*: the Franco-British alliance in the Crimean War.

21. *a treaty*: the Peace of Paris, 1856.

29. *a battle-royal*: the Franco-Prussian War.

P. 105, l. 2. *horribly belaboured*: at Wörth, Gravelotte, and Sedan.

P. 106, l. 10. *Band of Hope Review*: the organ (still current) of a total abstinence association; here represents 'the Press'.

15. *Mr. Bright*: John Bright (1811-89), orator and statesman.

25. *Mr. Beales*: Edmond Beales (1803-81), a political agitator, appointed county court circuit judge, 1870.

26. *Colonel Dickson*: General Sir Collingwood Dickson, who received the V.C. in the Crimean War (1817-1904).

27. *Mr. Bradlaugh*: Charles Bradlaugh (1833-91), a politician noted for free thought and radical propaganda.

P. 107, l. 2. *the Mordaunt Case*: a divorce case attracting public interest in 1870.

the Park and Boulton case: a prosecution by the Crown for felony, 1870.

P. 108, l. 4. *the spear . . . of Achilles*: at the invasion of Troy by the Greeks Achilles, king of the Myrmidons, wounded the Trojan Telephus, who was assured by an oracle that *achillea* (a plant) would cure him. Telephus, misunderstanding, sought Achilles and offered

to conduct him to Troy if he would heal him. Achilles scraped some rust from his spear and out of that sprang the prescribed plant, with which he cured the wound.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

Sir Oliver Lodge has said: 'The man who probably did as much as any to fight the battle of science in the nineteenth century, and secure the victory for free inquiry and progressive knowledge, is Thomas Henry Huxley.'

On qualification Huxley became a naval surgeon, and during his voyages studied marine organisms. His biological discoveries were of supreme importance. During his lifetime he lectured and wrote on scientific subjects to the ultimate extent of nine volumes. He became President of the Royal Society and a Privy Councillor. On many occasions he used his power of lucid exposition to render scientific subjects intelligible to those who lacked scientific training. As a scientist he presented a materialistic view of man's nature, but he fully admitted 'that awe and reverence which have no kinship with base fear, but arise whenever one tries to pierce below the surface of things, whether they be material or spiritual'. The *Darwinian Hypothesis* is his review in *The Times* of Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

The Darwinian Hypothesis (pp. 109-26)

P. 109, l. 9. *Cities of men*, &c.: Tennyson, *Ulysses*, l. 13.

12. *The windy ways*, &c.: Tennyson, *The Vision of Sin*, iv. v. 18.

P. 110, l. 8. *the eminent Naturalist*: Charles Darwin (1809-82).

15. *Bacon*: philosopher and essayist (1561-1626).

Galileo: Italian astronomer (1564-1642).

P. 112, l. 17. *The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Herbert*: Dean of Manchester, author and naturalist (1778-1847).

24. *Gaertner*: Joseph, German botanist (1732-91).

P. 113, l. 14. *Paley*: William, Archdeacon of Carlisle, author of the famous *Evidences of Christianity* and *Natural Theology*, in ch. xi of which this theory is enunciated (1743-1805).

P. 114, l. 21. *Professor Owen*: Sir Richard Owen, naturalist (1804-92).

P. 115, l. 25. *Sir Emerson Tennent*: traveller, politician, and author (1804-69).

P. 118, l. 24. *Cuvier*: French naturalist (1769-1832).

P. 119, l. 16. *raise his heel against the carcass of the dead lion*: like the ass in Aesop's fable of the old (not dead) lion, who bore with fortitude injuries dealt him by a bear and a bull, but found it a double death to die by contumely from the ass, a disgrace to the nation of animals.

28. *vera causa*: L., true cause, i.e. the power to modify (l. 24).

P. 120, l. 9. *Vestiges: The Vestiges of Creation* (1844) by Robert Chambers (1802-71), founder of the publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

13. *'skeleton in the closet'*: a troublesome circumstance kept in the background but not to be forgotten.

P. 121, l. 8. *a once celebrated name*: Charles Darwin's grandfather was Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), physician and author, who maintained a form of evolution which was subsequently expounded by Lamarck.

12. *voyage*: on the *Beagle* to S. America on a scientific expedition.

P. 122, l. 4. *Baker-street Bazaar*: the basement floor of the original building which housed Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Show in the West End of London; used for horse and cattle shows and various entertainments.

14. *Phasianus Gallus*: pheasant or 'Phasian bird', called after the river Phasia, near which it is said to have originated.

16. *Seven Dials*: a spot in London where a column with seven dials faced seven streets radiating from it.

18. *Horticultural Society*: the Royal Horticultural Society was founded in 1804.

P. 123, l. 25. *sua sponte*: L., of his own accord.

P. 125, l. 31. *Goethe*: German poet and sage (1749-1832).

P. 126, l. 8. *the fable*: one of Aesop's.

WALTER BAGEHOT

Economist, banker, and essayist, graduated at University College, London, called to the Bar but did not practise. He was a man of business at least as much as a man of letters, and wrote *Lombard Street*, a study of the money market. He edited *The Economist* and was the author of *The English Constitution*, *Physics and Politics*, and various literary, biographical, and economic studies. Boscawen is a Cornish

fishing village near Tintagel Castle, the birthplace of the legendary King Arthur.

Boscastle (pp. 127-34)

P. 128, l. 9. *your most learned contributor*: the writer of an article in the *Spectator* on 'The West Country before the Romans'.

P. 129, l. 3. *gives much . . . away*: reminiscent of Matthew xiii. 12.

P. 130, l. 4. *Regent Street*: in the West End of London.

5, 6. *Temple Bar*: a narrow gateway (removed 1879) at the junction of Fleet Street, in the City, and the Strand, in the West End, of London.

12. *Lilliput*: the land of the little people in *Gulliver's Travels*.

P. 131, l. 22. *Ellangowan*: the home of the Bertrams in Scott's *Guy Mannering*.

P. 132, l. 9. '*near Bedford*': where flint implements had been found about the time this essay was published.

P. 133, l. 1. *our Ralcighs, &c.*: Raleigh and Drake were Devon men, Frobisher a Yorkshireman. Lord Howard of Effingham, of Armada fame, was probably born in Surrey.

2. *ante-Lancashire period*: before machinery created the great manufacturing towns there near the coal-fields.

12. *Mr. Arnold*: *On the Study of Celtic Literature*.

22. *Mr. Kingsley*: Charles Kingsley, author of *Westward Ho!* was born in Devon, but at Holne, not Clovelly.

29. *unsoundness*: see Introduction, p. 11, and note on J. H. Newman, p. 178.

P. 134, l. 1. *pure Goth*: Goths and Celts, according to later researches, have intermingled for at least a thousand years. The Goths proper did not come to England.

LESLIE STEPHEN

Man of letters and philosopher, the first editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, originally published in sixty-three volumes. At Cambridge he was distinguished in athletics—walking, running, and rowing—and afterwards acquired prowess as a mountaineer. In later life he returned to Cambridge as a Don and under that pseudonym wrote the reminiscences of which this is an example. Apart from the Dictionary his chief works were *A History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, *The English Utilitarians*, and *Studies*

of a *Biographer*. He inaugurated the 'English Men of Letters' series with a volume on *Johnson* and contributed also *Pope*, *Swift*, *George Eliot*, and *Hobbes*. His collected essays occupy ten volumes.

The Rowing Man (pp. 134-40)

P. 134, l. 17. *sect of muscular Christians*: in whom Christianity and vigorous manhood were fused.

19. *founder*: the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

21. *Alton Locke*: hero of a book by Charles Kingsley.

25. *names of colleges*: e.g. Jesus College, Trinity College.

P. 135, l. 23. *horresco referens*: L., I tremble to report such a thing.

25. *Tom Brown at Oxford*: the sequel to *Tom Brown's School-days* by Thomas Hughes (1822-96).

P. 136, l. 4. *Bell's Life: Life in London*, a sporting Sunday paper which became amalgamated with *Sporting Life*.

knur and spell: an old Yorkshire game in which a ball (knur) is ejected from a 'trap' by a blow on a pivoted bar with a stick (spell), and hit away.

8. *Dorking*: a breed of laying fowl.

30. *great tun of Heidelberg*: a butt for holding four-score hogsheds of wine.

P. 137, l. 14. *One glorious hour*, &c.: 'One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.' From the 'anonymous' motto above ch. xxxiv of Scott's *Old Mortality*, now attributed to a Major Mordaunt.

31. *Primrose Hill*: a rise in North London.

P. 138, l. 4. *Mr. Banting*: a fat undertaker (1796-1878) who resolved to reduce his fat by dieting himself.

11. *four*: in position four.

13. *Ulysses*: the mythical king of Ithaca, a small island of Greece. 'and sitting . . .': Tennyson's *Ulysses*, ll. 58-9.

22. *expulsion of Pio Nono*: in the Italian revolution of 1848 which led to the loss of the Pope's 'temporal power' in 1870.

23. *accession of Napoleon III*: as Emperor of France (1852).

P. 139, l. 13. *National Society*: for promoting the education of the poor, founded in 1811.

30. *Crimean war*: 1854-6, in which England and France sided with Turkey against Russian aspirations in the Balkan peninsula.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Some Hints on Pattern-Designing (pp. 141-9)

William Morris may be described as poet, architect, painter, manufacturer, printer, and socialist. Such a combination of taste and talent for art, industry, and politics in one man is most remarkable. He graduated at Oxford and was articled to an architect. Soon afterwards he published his first and best-known book *The Defence of Guenevere*. Other books are *The Life and Death of Jason*, *The Earthly Paradise*, and *Sigurd the Volsung*. A large section of his prose writings is devoted to art and socialism. He wrote also several romances, including *News from Nowhere*, a conception of England under communism. Decorative art owed much to his inspiration and practical example as a founder, and later as the manager, of a firm of manufacturers and decorators. In the last years of his life he took an active interest in typography. He founded the Kelmscott Press and designed founts of type and ornamental devices for printing. The *Kelmscott Chaucer* is looked upon as one of the finest printed books ever produced.

P. 146, l. 27. *drawing water with a sieve*: forty-nine of the fifty daughters of Danaus (the Danaïds) were doomed in Hades to pour water into sieves for ever, for murdering their husbands on their wedding night.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

The son of John Addington Symonds (1807-71), a doctor who published several volumes of lectures and essays. He gained the Newdigate prize for English verse at Oxford University. Soon after graduating he was obliged to live abroad for his health. He wrote a *History of the Italian Renaissance*, *Lives of Shelley*, *Sir Philip Sidney*, and *Ben Jonson*, and several volumes of verse. He excelled as a translator from the Italian.

Personal Style (pp. 149-56)

P. 150, l. 28. '*an art to find the mind's construction*': 'There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face'. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, Act I, sc. iv.

P. 151, l. 28. *Victor Hugo*: French poet and novelist (1802-85).

P. 152, l. 1. *Leopardi*: Italian poet (1788-1837).

2. *Sterne*: Laurence, author (1713-68).

Heine: Heinrich, German poet (1799-1856).

17. *Fletcher*: John, dramatist (1570-1625).

Byron: George Gordon, Lord, poet (1788-1824). Wrote also some dramas, e.g. *Marino Faliero*.

23. *Corneille*: Pierre, French dramatist (1606-84).

Racine: Jean, French dramatist (1639-99).

P. 154, l. 20. *Muretus*: latinized name of Muret, French humanist (1526-85).

P. 155, l. 14. *Goethe*: Johann Wolfgang von, German poet and sage (1749-1832).

15. *Eckermann*: J. P., German author of *Conversations with Goethe* (1792-1854).

17. *Gibbon*: Edward, historian of the Roman Empire (1737-94). His Autobiography was published in 1796.

Rousseau: Jean Jacques, French philosopher who wrote his *Confessions* (1712-78).

18. *Alfieri*: Italian dramatist (1749-1803).

Goldoni: Italian dramatist (1707-93).

Samuel Johnson: lexicographer and author, an outstanding figure of the eighteenth century (1709-84).

20. *Petrarch*: Italian lyric poet (1304-74).

25. *Michelangelo*: Italian painter, sculptor, architect, and poet (1474-1564).

26. *Rossetti*: Charles Dante Gabriel, poet and painter (1828-82).

P. 155, l. 27. *William Blake*: poet, painter, and engraver (1757-1828).

P. 156, l. 5. *Sistine Chapel*: in the Vatican. The ceiling and walls are completely covered by Michelangelo's frescoes depicting the Creation, The Last Judgement, &c.

10. *we are prepared to hear, &c.*: but in neither case was it actually so.

12. *Gustave Doré*: French painter and designer (1832-83).

RICHARD JEFFERIES

A naturalist and essayist, who, as a restless and unsettled boy, ran away to France, with the idea of walking to Moscow. He altered his destination to America but did not reach there. His remarkable traits of character attracted attention in Wiltshire where he lived, and he was given work on local newspapers. Two or three novels which he published were failures, but success came when he began a series of

books on outdoor and animal life, of which *Wild Life in a Southern County* and *The Open Air* are examples. His books *Bevis* and *The Story of my Heart* are idealized versions of his own boyhood. His life ended in sickness and poverty, stoically endured.

The July Grass (pp. 157-60)

P. 159, l. 21. *allied to sleep and poison*: producing opium.

P. 160, l. 1. *Normans*: invaders and rulers.

25. *reeds imitated deep in old green glass*: an old-fashioned mode of decorating glass vessels.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A writer whose courageous life no less than the charm of his literary work has endeared him to his countless readers. Soon after he left Edinburgh University to study for the Bar he was obliged to seek health in a warmer climate. His travels on the continent of Europe, and particularly in the South Seas, provided material for many of his books. Although often very ill, besides his great novels *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Catriona*, *Weir of Hermiston* and others he wrote the grim story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and the engaging absurdity *The Wrong Box*; many delightful short stories, tales of travel, and essays, such as those contained in *The New Arabian Nights*, *Travels of a Donkey in the Cevennes*, and *Virginibus Puerisque*; and two volumes of poetry, of which *A Child's Garden of Verses* is the most familiar. In 1880 he married Mrs. Osbourne, whose son, Lloyd Osbourne, later collaborated with him in several works. Stevenson died suddenly of an hæmorrhage, at Vailima, Samoa, aged 44.

Walking Tours (pp. 161-70)

P. 161, l. 5. *canting dilettantes*: lovers of the country who make out that they cannot admire a landscape adequately from a train.

7. *the brotherhood*: of walkers.

23. *brown john*: seemingly a combination of 'brown-george', an earthenware vessel, and 'demi-john', a bulging narrow-necked bottle.

P. 162, l. 1. *five wits*: common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory.

23. *says Hazlitt*: in *On going a Journey*, from *Table-Talk*, 1821.

P. 163, l. 4. *like Christian*: in *Pilgrim's Progress*, when the load fell off his back.

13. *Abudah*: the wealthy merchant in Ridley's *Tales of the Genii*, who was haunted by an old hag (conscience).

20. *coat of darkness*: a cloak of invisibility as worn by Jack the Giant Killer.

P. 167, l. 14. '*Though ye take . . .*': in *Arrapagitea* (1644), a protest against restrictions upon the freedom of the Press.

P. 168, l. 6. '*It was on the 10th April . . .*': from *On Going Journey*.

8. *the New Heloise*: by Rousseau (1712-78).

15. *Tristram Shandy*: by Laurence Sterne (1713-68).

P. 169, l. 4. '*happy thinking*': from *The Rigs of Barclay*, by Robt Burns.

P. 170, l. 5. *Philistines*: in Matthew Arnold's sense (see Introduction, p. 14).

